

CURRENT OPINION



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AN AMERICAN SIGHT FOR THE SORE EYES OF IMMIGRANTS

While Governments crash and crumble elsewhere, Miss Liberty, in New York harbor, still stands firmly bent on "enlightening the world."



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A NEW CAPTAIN OF OUR INFANT MARINE INDUSTRY

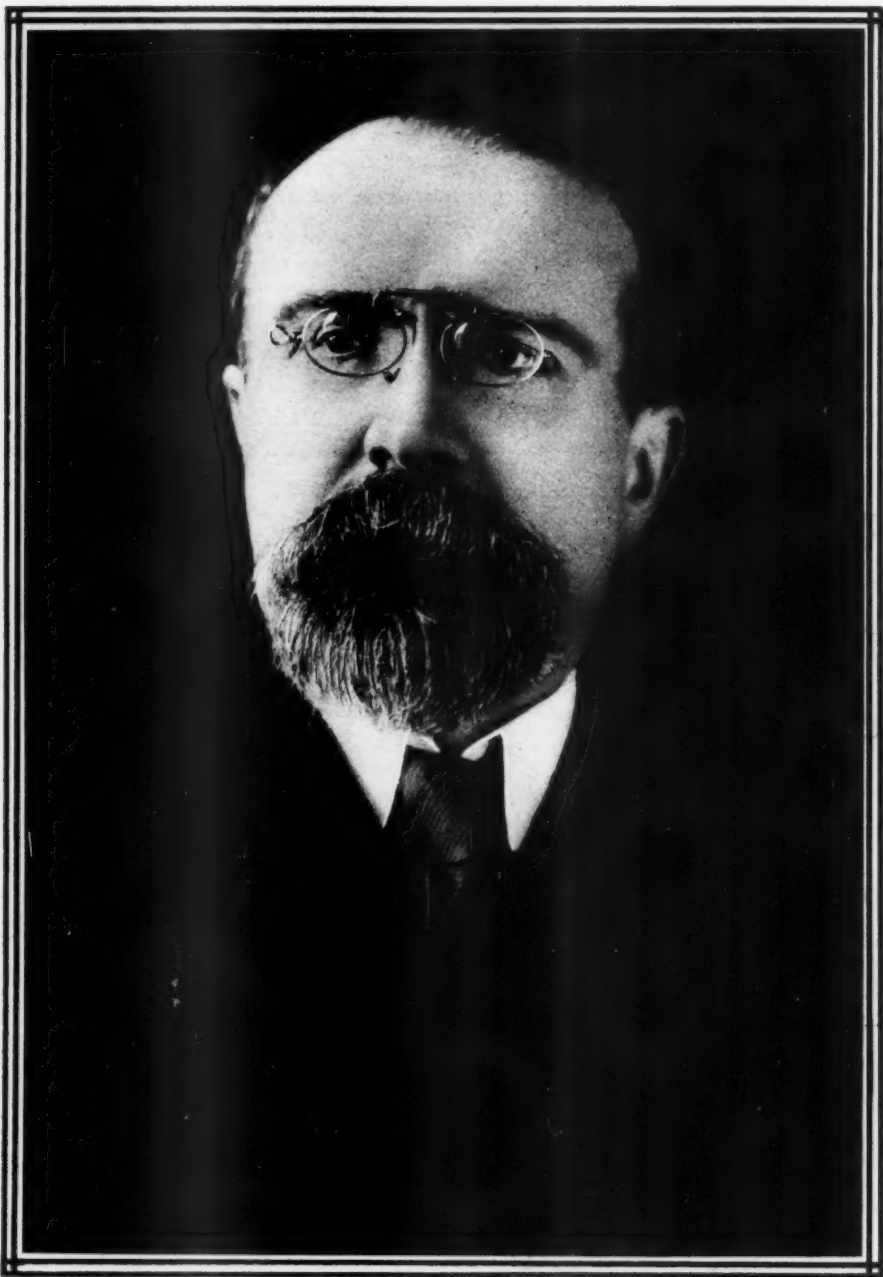
Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, heading the Emergency Fleet Corporation, at \$25,000 a year, resolves to keep the Stars and Stripes prominently on the seas, God and country willing.



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AUTHOR OF THE \$50,000 BOK PEACE PRIZE PLAN

Dr. Charles H. Levermore, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a Republican who yet admires "the lofty ideal of purposes for which Woodrow Wilson bravely struggled at Paris and elsewhere."



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HIS IS THE GOVERNING VOICE OF THE REPARATION COMMISSION

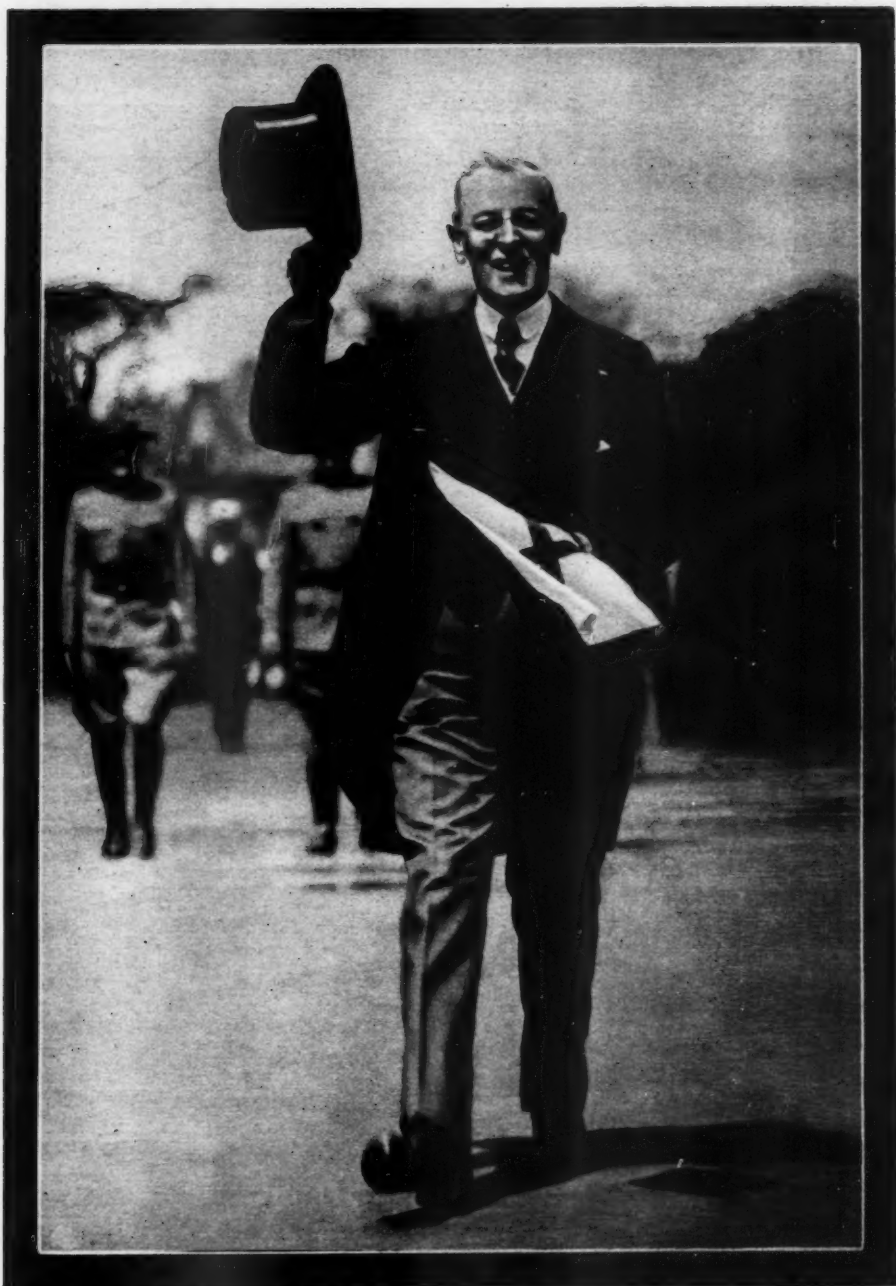
M. Louis Barthou, presiding over that important body in Paris, listens attentively and intelligently to the opinions and findings of the American Commissioners in conclave.



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A STATESMAN WHO IS YELLOW IN COMPLEXION ONLY

Viscount Keigo Kiyoura, succeeding Yamamoto as Premier of Japan, has formed a cabinet resolved to perpetuate the somewhat shaken Japanese empire.



© Paul Thompson

LEADING THE RED CROSS PARADE IN NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1918

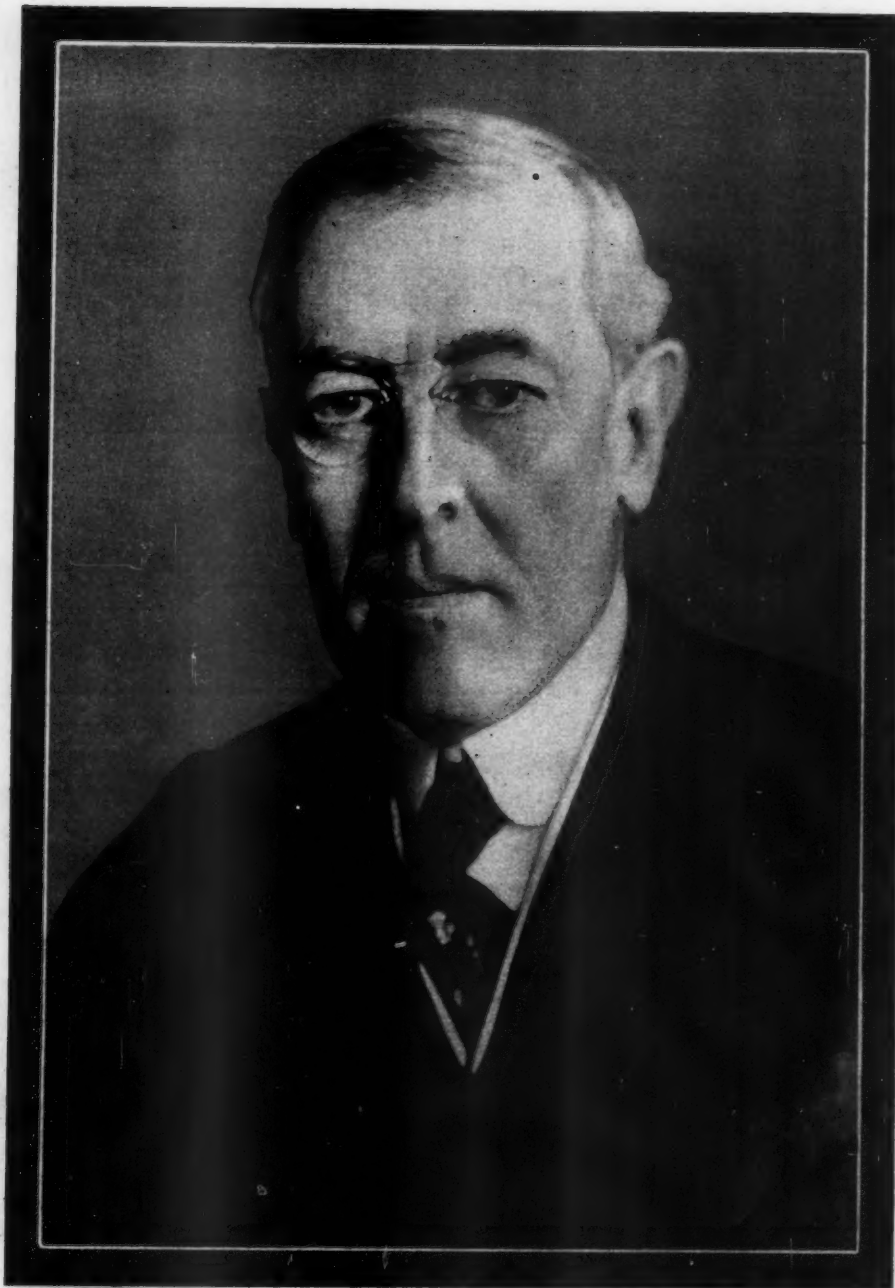
Woodrow Wilson, our twenty-eighth President, in this snap-shot bears no resemblance to "a broken piece of machinery," as he described himself on his deathbed.



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THE LAST PICTURE TAKEN OF HIM AS A WELL MAN

As Woodrow Wilson looked just before starting on his speech-making tour of the United States in 1919 when he suffered a sudden and dramatic collapse in Colorado.



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REGARDED AS THE BEST PORTRAIT OF OUR GREAT WAR PRESIDENT
Woodrow Wilson as he appeared while attending the Peace Conference at Versailles and which he pronounced to be his best likeness at that time.

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

Woodrow Wilson 1856-1924

I AM a broken piece of machinery. When the machinery is broken"—the feeble voice trailed off for a moment, then resumed—"I am ready."

With these words on his lips the great war-president passed into the Great Beyond. Woodrow Wilson had entered in upon his immortality.

The storm of controversy which raged around this monumental figure has subsided, and as the mists are blown away we behold his spirit towering above personal ambition and chauvinist patriotism.

The most eminent Democrat of our generation has gone to his last rest. Efforts are being made to fix his place in history. Futile efforts—it is too soon. That decision must be rendered by Posterity, the dread sovereign who makes and unmakes the reputations of the heroic dead.

Still, one thing may be stated categorically: Woodrow Wilson was an idealist, and gladly suffered the fate of most idealists. Though he failed, yet—"it was," as Lloyd George pointed out in a tribute to his stricken comrade, "a glorious failure. He failed as Jesus Christ failed, and, like Christ, sacrificed his life in pursuance of his noble ideal." He would not yield an inch to expediency, and he went down to defeat, but in the midst of the wreck of his plans he gave the nation a little shiver of awe by declaring:

"I would rather fail in a cause I know some day will triumph, than win in a cause I know some day will fail."

He rode at the head of the armies of the Allied and Associated Powers, unarmed, like Joan of Arc, save for the white banner of his ideal, "To

make the world safe for Democracy." And when his work was done, when the kingdoms and principalities and republics of the earth were ready to unite in a League for the enforcement of peace, his own people accused him of subordinating their well-being to the well-being of the world.

This broke his heart. For five years, slowly, painfully, life ebbed from him. At last he died—but not until the tide of feeling had turned once more in his favor, not until an immense groundswell of opinion favorable to him and to his wishes had set in.

His countrymen have not at all times seen eye to eye with him. But we are finding that his vision was longer than that of many of us. Already we understand the wisdom of "watchful waiting." We have seen the scramble for loot which followed the Versailles Peace, and we begin to appreciate the deeper value of "peace without victory." Soon, perhaps, we shall catch a glimmer of the almost unearthly majesty of the thought behind his "too-proud-to-fight" speech—the speech of the pacifist by conviction who becomes the deadliest opponent when the inevitable battle is joined. And we have commenced to comprehend his stupendous responsibilities and the tender care in which he held his compatriots when he wrote: "It is a terrible thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war."

During the Peace Conference Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson were in almost daily contact for five months, and much of this time Mr. Wilson was under terrific fire at home and abroad. "This criticism cut him like a knife," Lloyd George observed. "He was of such fine stuff that he was immensely sensitive to public abuse. I have no doubt it helped to bring on his illness."



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THE ROOM WHERE HE DIED

In the room on the second floor at the right, overlooking the garden of his Washington home, Woodrow Wilson breathed his last.

"I want people to love me," President Wilson once said wistfully to his secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty, "but they never will." Is there a more pathetic commentary on the career of our twenty-eighth Chief Executive? This reserved and self-contained scholar, this solitary figure, literally hungered for popular affection. But so strangely was his real nature misunderstood that he became convinced, sorrowfully, that his countrymen would never warm to him. Not to have a place in their hearts was part of the cross he bore. He had their confidence, and he won their admiration, but he missed their love.

He might have endeared himself to us. If he had allowed his feelings to be seen they would have produced a response. But, to

him, that would have meant surrender of self-control, a resort to unworthy methods of gaining sympathy and support from the public.

He could not bring himself to wear his heart upon his sleeve. Instead, he carefully concealed his inward struggles. When he suffered, his face became a white mask.

That night in the Metropolitan Opera House when word was brought to his box that the Germans had accepted his terms, his emotions must almost have burst him asunder. He knew at that moment that the cruelest war in history was virtually over, that the most horrible bloodshed the world had known would soon be halted. His head was crowned with such a

triumph as no sovereign of this earth had ever worn in all history. But no one in that audience, no



TAPS

—Kirby in New York World.

one in the box with him, caught even a fleeting glimpse of his exultation, his prayerful rejoicing. He kept his eyes fixed on the stage—though it is doubtful if he beheld anything but a luminous blur—and with wildly beating heart mastered himself.

It was his cause which had triumphed, not Woodrow Wilson. He leaned over backward in his effort to avoid obtruding his personality into the accomplishment of those tremendous aims to which his life was dedicated.

His countrymen may never love him. But can there be any question that they will revere his memory and glory in his achievements? It matters little where Woodrow Wilson is buried, whether in his birthplace, at Staunton, Virginia, or at Princeton, the scene of his earlier triumphs, or in Arlington beside his comrade, the Unknown Soldier.



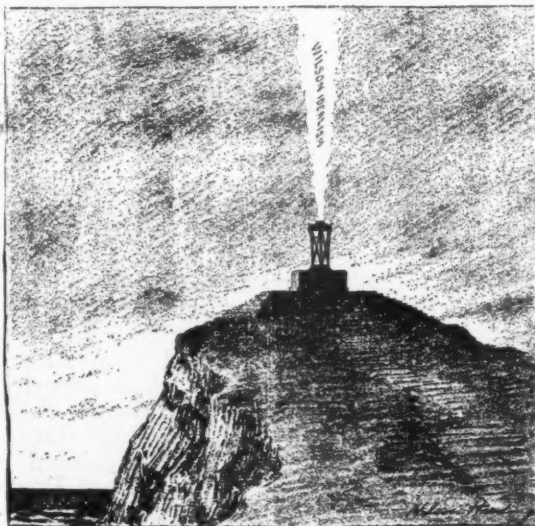
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AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FAME

President Wilson riding in triumph through the streets of Paris beside Raymond Poincaré, then President of France.

Wherever it is, the world will make a shrine of his grave.

For the present it satisfies our sense of the fitting that our great war-president should have been interred in the new National Cathedral on Mount St. Alban, an eminence which overlooks the capital in much the same way that the Temple of Jerusalem overlooks the landscape round about it. The cathedral has not yet been finished; however, a picture of the completed apse, whither the body of the late Commander-in-Chief was carried by soldiers, sailors and marines, appears on page 302 of this issue. If the founders of this "shrine for patriots of all faiths" are to realize their dream of making it the Westminster Abbey of America, housing the remains of our great dead, with Woodrow Wilson they have well begun.



UNDYING FIRE!

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Teapot Gusher of Scandal

WHEN Warren G. Harding took office, our Navy Department had over two hundred thousand acres of oil reserves. Within a few weeks after his inaugural these oil leases were transferred by Executive order to the Department of the Interior. Thus direct control passed to Secretary Fall. Secretary of the Navy Denby retained only the right to be consulted before final disposition could be made of the navy's oil.

A little over half of this acreage consisted of oil shale, not likely to be developed for many years. Of the remaining acreage two reserves are the present objects of public interest—Reserve 1, Elk Hills in Kern County, California; and Reserve 3, Teapot Dome, in Wyoming.

It is the story of the leasing of Elk Hills to Edward L. Doheny, and of Teapot Dome to Harry F. Sinclair, which has stirred Congress these past few weeks as revelation succeeded revelation, and as reputation after reputation has been spattered with oil.

The leases were complicated and technical. They were prepared by

Secretary Fall. Secretary of the Navy Denby appears not to have tried to understand their details, contenting himself with the soundness of his general plan, which was to exchange navy oil in the ground with Sinclair for oil in steel tanks on the Atlantic coast and likewise to exchange navy oil in the ground with Doheny for tanked oil on the Pacific coast and tanked oil in the Hawaiian Islands at Pearl Harbor. Denby's desire to have the fields developed was based upon reports of experts that the Navy's oil was being drained into adjacent properties where wells were actively at work. To be sure, other experts had testified to the contrary. But Denby insisted that he had reason to believe that the government properties were being drained, and that he would do the same thing again.

The present investigation, it now appears, started as the result of an article in the *Denver Post* in April, 1922. More than a year before Sinclair obtained the lease to Teapot Dome, Doheny was negotiating for this property, and had entered into a contract with John Leo Stack, who was to assist in obtaining the lease. The lease went to Mr. Sinclair, early in April, 1922, but not until Stack had secured certain alleged rights in the Teapot Dome region.

Then Stack went to F. G. Bonfils, proprietor of the *Denver Post*, and made a deal with him and his partner, J. H. Tamm, to help collect the value of his claims from Sinclair, using publicity as a means of enforcing payment. Bonfils sent a reporter to New Mexico to pick up what gossip he could from Albert B. Fall's neighbors. The reporter came back with what Bonfils characterized as "a shocking story." The *Denver Post* then printed a strong attack on the Teapot Dome lease, and copies of the issue carrying this story were mailed to Congressmen and Senators, and the La



THE WANDERING STREAM

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

Follette resolution followed, authorizing an investigation by the Committee on Public Lands of the leasing of the naval oil reserves.

At this point the chairman of the committee, Thomas J. Walsh, Senator from Montana, began digging into the records, and in October, 1923, after a year and more of boring for evidence, announced that he was ready for hearings. Albert B. Fall, now back in private life, was called before him. Fall assumed an air of injured innocence, and declared:

"I have never approached E. L. Doheny or any one connected with him or any of his corporations, or H. F. Sinclair or any one connected with him or any of his corporations, nor have I received from either of said parties one cent on account of any oil lease or upon any account whatsoever."

Later Doheny appeared as a witness and testified that he had loaned Fall \$100,000 on November 30, 1921. The money was delivered in cash in a satchel, carried from New York to Washington by Doheny's son. Doheny further testified, however, that his loan had nothing to do with the lease of Elk Hills, which he obtained from the Department of the Interior on December 12, 1922, more than a year later.

Doheny and Fall had been friends for twenty-five or thirty years. Fall's business affairs were in a deplorable condition. Moreover, he had recently lost two of his children. Doheny labored with the committee to impress them with the fact that his hundred-thousand-dollar loan was an act of sympathy for an old friend in distress. Doheny is a very rich man, and he stressed the fact that a hundred thousand dollars meant no more to him than twenty-five or fifty dollars would mean to a man of smaller income.

On the face of it it seems incredible that \$100,000 could have served



DROP—DROP—DROP

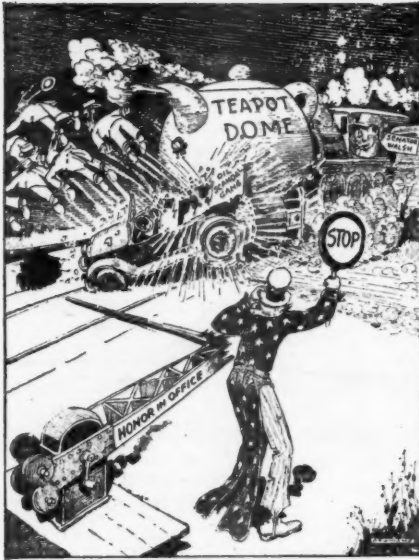
—Kirby in New York World.

as a bribe in a transaction from which a hundred million dollars' profit was anticipated. A mere tenth of one per cent. seems a pitifully inadequate commission for betraying one's country.

Following Doheny's testimony, Colonel J. W. Zevely, personal attorney of Harry F. Sinclair, stated that in June, 1923, Sinclair had loaned Fall \$25,000 in Liberty bonds, and an additional \$10,000 in cash "to enable him (Fall) to go to Russia with Sinclair."

Following this revelation the committee was naturally anxious to re-examine Mr. Fall. The ex-Secretary excused himself on the ground of illness, but after the Senate had sent three doctors, who found him in sufficiently good health to appear, he refused to testify on the ground that his testimony might tend to incriminate him.

In the course of this investigation several rather violent speeches have been made on the floor of the Senate, and general excitement has prevailed, but in the midst of it President Coolidge has maintained his usual poise, and has attempted to take the case out of politics. With that in mind he asked the Senate to



THE END OF A WILD JOY RIDE
—Williams in New York American.

authorize the employment of special counsel and appointed ex-Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, Democrat, and Silas Strawn, a Republican and an attorney of note, to investigate and prosecute civilly and, if need be, criminally.

As this issue of CURRENT OPINION goes to press it seems unlikely that Mr. Strawn's appointment will be confirmed by the Senate. Opposition to him is said to be based upon his alleged directorships in two Standard Oil banks. Nor is ex-Senator Pomerene certain of confirmation, since the Railway Brotherhoods are reported to have protested against his nomination. President Coolidge may have to select two new men. However, he can be depended upon to find the right appointees ultimately. He has said that if any property has been wrongfully taken from the Government it shall be returned and that if a crime has been committed the criminals shall be punished.

In the meantime the Senate has been very hostile towards Secretary

Denby, and after much discussion passed a resolution calling upon the President to dismiss the Secretary of the Navy from his cabinet.

This resolution passed the Senate on February 11th, and, four hours after it was delivered to the White House, President Coolidge replied that no official recognition could be given to the Senate's resolution. He made it clear that the Senate was attempting to usurp an executive function and declared:

"The dismissal of an officer of the government, such as is involved in this case, other than by impeachment, is exclusively an executive function. I regard this as a vital principle of our government."

He further fortified his position by citing precedents established by Presidents Madison and Cleveland, and added:

"I do not propose to sacrifice any innocent man for my own welfare, nor do I propose to retain in office any unfit man for my own welfare. I shall try to maintain the functions of the government unimpaired, to act upon the evidence and the law as I find it, and to deal thoroughly and summarily with every kind of wrong doing."

A few days later, speaking in the New York City Republican Club on the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, President Coolidge re-stated his position with his customary incisiveness:

"We propose to follow the clear, open path of justice. There will be immediate, adequate, unshrinking prosecution, criminal and civil, to punish the guilty, and to protect every national interest. In this effort there will be no politics, no partisanship. It will be speedy, it will be just. I am a Republican, but I can not on that account shield any one because he is a Republican. I am a Republican, but I can not on that account prosecute any one because he is a Democrat."

Detonations of the Bok Peace Plan

IF Mr. Edward Bok had conspired to influence public opinion in favor of the League of Nations, he could scarcely have had better luck. The press has been enthusiastic in praise or condemnation, as the case might be, and the Senate has taken official cognizance of his winning plan and the accompanying "referendum" or straw vote. Apparently all the organizations and persons who favor or oppose the League and the World Court have loyally cooperated in the effort to spread the news and interest the somewhat inert American populace. Whether or not Mr. Bok and his staff of assistants, including notably Miss Lape, intended the Peace Award to go to a pro-League, or partially pro-League plan, whether or not they plotted to "poison" the public mind with League propaganda, at least fifty per cent. of the "poison" spreading has been done by the League's enemies through their statements and publications. Upon all of which no doubt Mr. Bok is to be congratulated as an astute psychologist who knows his America, where "every knock is a boost."



ADDING TO HIS COLLECTION

—Murphy in *New York American*.

When the name of the \$50,000 prize-winner was announced, and Charles Herbert Levermore, white-haired author of sixty-eight years, pacifist, long secretary to world peace societies, came forward from the rear of the Philadelphia Academy of Music to receive the plaudits of the great audience and deliver his speech of acceptance, a telegram, sardonically humorous, from the donor of the prize was read to him, and to the audience.

"Will you please convey my sincere condolences to the author of the American Peace Award winning plan? Tell him I meant well. But what with the overwhelming publicity which will be his portion, to say nothing of the hundreds of accommodating persons who will tell him how to spend his money, I envy him not. The only enlightening experience I see ahead for him is that, laboring under the delusion that he is a free-born American citizen, he may have his personal motives investigated by a Senate committee."



THE GIFT HORSE

—Ireland in *Los Angeles Times*.

To date, Dr. Levermore seems not to have been altogether overwhelmed by the pitiless publicity which has been his portion. He is bearing up well, to judge from his pictures and remarks. In one sense he is not good newspaper "copy." His long and arduous career as teacher and international peace promoter appears to have turned him into a scandal-proof old gentleman. However, the newspapers are doing their best to focus the attention of the public upon his career and his plan, especially his plan.

"I tried to make a plan," he states, "that would get the support of all parties. This is not a matter of local or party politics, but a matter of international policy, and it should have the support of all parties. The original League of Nations was not perfect, it was only a step in the right direction. I have not tried to perfect it, but to suggest one more step in the right direction.

"In the proper sense of the word, I am glad to call myself a pacifist. The name got a bad odor during the war, and I am not speaking in the sense in which the word was then used. I have said in speeches that we had knocked the 'tar' out of Mili-

tarism, and now we want to put the 'fist' in pacifist.

"All of my life I have been teaching international relations. That led me into this competition. My relations with Mr. Wilson were largely personal, and I have no doubt that he, who stood without compromise for the League of Nations, would say, if he read the plan before his death: 'There is Levermore with another of his compromises.'"

□ □

Marking Time in Mexico

THE decision of Secretary Hughes to support President Obregon in Mexico has been followed by an anxious month. True, the support was limited to the sale of arms to Obregon and the refusal of arms to de la Huerta. But, having thus taken a side in the Mexican embroglio, the United States was bound to see to it that this side gained the day. Moreover, Secretary Hughes had given notice to all Latin-American states that, in his opinion, elections should be settled by the ballot, not the bullet. The "rebels" have been warned, moreover, that they must not blockade Mexican ports and so endanger the warships and other tonnage of the United States. At the moment, it looks as if Obregon, after some reverses, has gained the day. The rebels have been driven from Vera Cruz which had been their stronghold, and have been defeated in decisive fashion at Ocotlan. Thus it seems to be a case of "all's well that ends well." But does this mean that the Mexican problem is settled? Obregon remains in power by sheer force. But he has not held a constitutional election which would determine his successor. In other words, while de la Huerta has been defeated, Mexico is still ruled by a dictator.



A NEIGHBORLY ACT

—Orr in Chicago Tribune.

Britain Stages a "Revolution"

IN the British House of Commons, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin has suffered his expected defeat and a Labor Government, led by James Ramsay Macdonald, hold office. It is a startling change that affects, directly or indirectly, the entire British Commonwealth of Nations, including, as it now does, nearly one-third of the human race. It was by the votes of the Liberal Party that Macdonald entered Downing Street and it will be by those votes, in addition to Labor, that he will remain there. Asquith, now 72 years old, and Lloyd George, who acquiesced in this situation, have been severely blamed for not declaring an alliance with the Conservatives, which would have excluded Labor from power. Their answer is that, at some time or other, the ever-growing Labor Party must have attained a majority and assumed office, and that, for such an experiment, there is no time like the present. Winston Churchill, who again failed to win a seat, does not agree, and in a letter, dissociating himself from Asquith, he appears to be bidding for the leadership of the still powerful Conservatives. It looks, then, as if Britain were again returning to the two-party system. Liberalism will, in future, be called Labor. And Liberals who do not like it will join the Tories.

Macdonald has eased matters by selecting a Cabinet which is more of a Coalition than a Commune. Misfortune, if it be misfortune, makes strange bed-fellows, and here we have,

among "the Socialists," men like Lord Parmoor, a Tory Episcopalian lawyer of the true ecclesiastical type; Viscount Haldane, a Liberal Imperialist and Lord Chancellor under Asquith; Lord Chelmsford, a Conservative and former Viceroy of India; C. P. Trevelyan, a Liberal and grand nephew of Macaulay; Arthur Ponsonby, son of Sir Henry Ponsonby, a secretary to Queen Victoria and grandson of Earl Grey, the Prime Minister of the Reform Bill; and Noel Buxton, descended from Thomas Fowell Buxton, who helped William Wilberforce abolish slavery under the British flag. It was said by Gladstone that it is easier to admit a man into a government than it is to turn him out afterwards; and, in these moderates, Macdonald has given



AN ANCIENT TRICK

SHADE OF ROBIN HOOD (to Philip Snowden and Ramsay Macdonald): "Robbing the rich to give to the poor! Gentlemen, you're stealing my stuff."

—Charles Dana Gibson in *Life*.



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ENGLAND'S NEW LABOR CABINET INCLUDES—

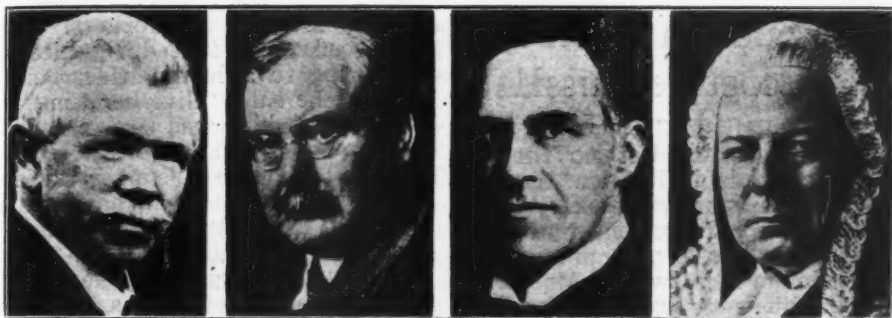
From left to right are Sidney Webb, the distinguished Fabian economist, now President of the Board of Trade; J. H. Thomas, of the National Union of Railway Men, appointed Secretary for the Colonies; Arthur Henderson, the Methodist labor leader and former Cabinet officer who has become Secretary for Home Affairs; and Philip Snowden, an extreme pacifist and Socialist and a fanatic "Dry," Macdonald's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

substantial hostages to fortune against Socialism. There will be no capital levy and there will be no nationalization of industry.

The British Empire is thus to be run on the principle, "business as usual." At the opening of Parliament by the king and queen, there was all the customary antique ceremonial. On accepting their seals of office, Labor Ministers repaired dutifully to Buckingham Palace, and there on bended knee kissed the hands of majesty, boasting of it afterwards to the wife at home. The Treasurer of the King's Household is Thomas Griffiths, who, as a half-timer in a tin-plate plant, earned eight cents a day. The Controller of the Household is John Parkinson, who at ten years of age was working in a coalpit. And the Vice-Chamberlain is John Davidson, who began earning his livelihood in a bootshop. According to J. H. Thomas, the new Colonial Secretary, neither the king nor the Prince of Wales is in the least alarmed by the rise of Labor. And why? George Lansbury, the somewhat explosive Labor member in London, says that things are all right because nowadays "kings and queens are what they ought to be." And he suggests that "George V. would be well advised to keep his fingers out of the pie now." De-

spite Miss Jewson's comments on Queen Mary's diamonds, Labor is thus welcome at court, and at the king's levees may wear silk bows on the shoes instead of cut-steel buckles, and also may dispense with a sword, to save expense.

Indeed, already Macdonald has advised His Majesty to create three peers. The reason is, of course, that Labor must have spokesmen in the House of Lords. Yet the gentlemen chosen for this lonely enterprise are hardly to be described as horny-handed sons of toil. Brigadier-General Thompson, who manages the aircraft, is—well—a brigadier-general. Sydney Arnold, Under Secretary for the Colonies, is a Liberal of correct costume. And Sir Sydney Olivier, Secretary for India, is only a Socialist of that comfortable Fabian persuasion which includes George Bernard Shaw. And while Shaw has amused the West End of London which could afford his plays, Olivier has governed Jamaica and other colonies in the best bureaucratic style. The Labor peers will thus look exactly like the previous Liberal and Conservative peers. But, for all that, there is a certain rich humor, refreshing in the English, to be found in this spectacle of "a revolution" which ends in the revolutionaries accepting he-



—LABORITES, ALSO FORMER TORIES AND LIBERALS

On the left is John Robert Clynes, President of the National Union of General Workers, and Food Controller during the war, now Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Leader in the House of Commons; next to him, Thomas Shaw, new Minister of Labor; then Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, advocate of taxation of land values, appointed Chancellor for the Duchy of Lancaster. On the right is Viscount Haldane, Lord Chancellor, who furnishes the aristocratic element in this group.

editary titles from a hereditary monarch and robbing their Bolshevik bosoms in crimson and ermine.

It is, perhaps, no wonder that the extremists, who for some reason are to be found in Scotland, should have had to be reassured. It is idle to pretend that Ramsay Macdonald has done the consistent thing. All his life he has denounced association either with the Liberals or with the Tories. And when he found himself still in a minority in the House of Commons it was obviously his duty, according to professed principles, to decline office until he secured a clear majority which would enable him to pass his measures over the heads of the other parties combined. But the prize was too big to be set aside. Macdonald, like other politicians, made his bargain with destiny, and he now carries out what is virtually an agreed program—at any rate, of domestic measures—with a ministry of talents drawn from all quarters.

This development changes entirely the real issue in British politics. Between Macdonald and his Conservative opposition there will doubtless develop sharp differences. But the fundamental struggle will be between all parties in Parliament and the Communists outside, who say that Parliament is no use. Al-

ready Macdonald has had to deal with a railroad strike. The dockers and miners, too, are discussing hours and wages. Hence, the Prime Minister's eagerness to persuade the building trades to relax their regulations and allow 200,000 houses to be erected annually. Hence, the elaborate plans for developing agriculture, which are supported by men so diverse as David Lloyd George and Lord Bledisloe, a Somersetshire squire. Hence, the hope that by economizing on the army and navy it may be possible to remit the taxation on sugar and other breakfast commodities and release the small man from income tax. Happily for Macdonald, there has been a considerable fall in unemployment, which evil is again coming within a manageable percentage.

It is in his foreign and colonial policy that Prime Minister Macdonald is challenging the most heated argument. And here he will have to face the full blast of the "patriotic" press controlled by Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook, where already the cry of "hands off the navy" is heard. Then there is the plan for fortifying Singapore, desired by Australia (though at Britain's expense). It is understood the fortification of Singapore is now indefinitely postponed.

A Sudden Rush to Recognize Russia

THE British Government, now Labor, has lost no time in recognizing Russia. And the recognition is unconditional. James O'Grady, a Labor member of Irish extraction, has been nominated Ambassador to Moscow, and Moscow is considering how precisely to adjust diplomatic etiquette to the rough traditions of Bolshevism. Macdonald's attitude is determined by a



HOOP LA!

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

wish to trade with Russia and by a fear of Russian intrigue on the northwest frontier of India. He also wishes to bring Russia and Germany into the League of Nations. He is thus playing boldly for unity in the old world.

Russia is, of course, at a crisis. Lenin is dead and the magic of his name is now a memory. The tribute of his wife at his funeral was that he was actuated throughout his ca-

reer by love for the workers. His last words were, indeed, significant. Referring to a hound, then being trained, he said, "Give her time"—and in this hint was seen a reference to the country as a whole.

With Lenin there disappears Trotsky, also stricken by ill health and living in exile among the Caucasus Mountains. While Trotsky—like some unpopular grand duke in the old days—has not been arrested—indeed, he remains Minister of War—his power over the Red army is declared to be at an end; and when Kameneff, his actual successor, greeted the troops in Moscow he was assailed by shots fired in the air; and by the question, "How much did you get for betraying Trotsky?" The President of Russia, in so far as there is such a post, appears to be the farmer Kalenin, but the real power seems to be wielded by Stalin, who was Lenin's secretary, by Krassin, who wants to introduce foreign capital, and by Zinovieff, the propagandist for Communism. The causes of quarrel between Trotsky and his comrades are obscure and personal—the kind of dissension that always follows a violent revolution. The essential question is, what is now to be the régime enforced in Russia. And this question will be answered not by men but by circumstances.

That Russia has a Cabinet is clear. We have the names of the ministers and the offices which they hold. She has also a Parliament, with two Chambers, elected from the federated Soviet Republics by an arrangement of which we have not yet the details. This seems to imply an endeavor to drift back to some kind of Duma. As this release from their centralized despotism proceeds, it is obvious that the Communist Party must expect the rise of a moderating opposition. At isolated spots, like Omsk, there have been riots against "the Reds," and at the All-Russian Congress in

the Opera House at Moscow it was noticed that the red banners had almost disappeared; and with these the portraits of Karl Marx, Lenin and Trotzky, and the appeals for world revolution. Not that the Czarists are likely to regain control. Apparently they have two candidates, the Grand Duke Cyril in Paris and Prince Wizamosky in London, the latter of whom is descended from the ancient Rurik or Viking Dynasty, which is supposed to have been wiped out in 1608. Wrangel's army, however, is now a Labor Unit—40,000 strong—working in Jugoslavia and Bulgaria.

Senator Borah cordially approves of the recognition of Russia by Great Britain. On behalf of the Little Entente, Foreign Minister Benes prophesies recognition. Italy has granted it, and, in return, Russia, by treaty, reduces the duty on Italian imports, undertakes to send Italy a stated amount of grain each year and undertakes to buy from Italy a stated minimum of goods. The Benes prophecy suggests that even France may be considering the matter afresh. While Russia is buying large consignments of cotton from the United States, there is no sign that Secretary Hughes has changed his attitude of isolation from the Soviets. The State Department has evidence that Russia has spent \$165,000 on propaganda in the United States, the agent being William Z. Foster. And at a meeting in Madison Square Garden, New York, Foster, as head of the Trade-Union Educational League, urged his audience to "join the party of Lenin and further the work of revolution in the United States." In Newark, N. J., the police refused permission for such a meeting to be held and arrested four men who persisted in so doing. Thus it can hardly be said that opinion in this country is as yet unanimous for a handshake with Bolshevism.

France Is Shocked

TO France, and especially to Poincaré, the change of government in Britain has come as a shock. Both Macdonald and his Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, Ponsonby, opposed the war. And on the League of Nations, Britain is to be represented by Lord Parmoor, whom the French consider to be a defeatist. Lord Parmoor, in his turn, is to be assisted by E. D. Morel, a confessed pro-German, whose entire life has been devoted to criticising the Anglo-French En-



THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

—Gale in Los Angeles Times.

tente in all its manifestations, from Morocco to the Marne. E. D. Morel has been as unsparing in his attacks on Lord Grey as he has been unblushing in his excuses for the Kaiser. Macdonald has written Poincaré a friendly letter to which Poincaré has sent a friendly response. But Britain continues to build 52 squadrons of aeroplanes.

Poincaré still holds his own in the French Parliament, but his difficulties do not diminish. Owing to the fall in the franc, which Paris attributes to foreign manipulation, Poincaré has been compelled to bal-



THE DAWES COMMISSION IS NOW SIFTING
GERMANY'S ASSETS
—Ding in Chicago Evening Post.

ance his budget. This means an addition of 20 per cent. in taxation and a heavy cut in expenditure, neither of which measures are at all popular. And it is perhaps a little unfortunate that this should be the moment when Paris is confronted by two first-class scandals. The French merchant has never believed in risking his hard cash on so imponderable an asset as advertisements in the press. Hence, the newspapers of Paris are subsidized by the government and by financial interests. The Bolsheviks have now disclosed what immense sums of money were paid by the Czarism to the French press as the price of propaganda in favor of French loans to Russia, which are now worth no more than waste paper. Everyone who knows anything has been aware that this kind of thing has been going on, especially in the dark days of the Russo-Japanese War, but to see in print the exact amounts, dates and personal details of these bribes is a nasty jar. And the second scandal, into which there is now to be a long-overdue inquiry, arises out of

the gross extravagance, not to mention a harder word, which has accompanied expenditure on the restoration of the devastated areas. As long as it was a case of Germany paying the bill it did not so much matter. But France is now learning that this is a bill which she may have herself to pay. And she is becoming more particular over the bookkeeping thereof.

□ □

Dawes & Co. Dig for German Gold

IT was on a none too solid or well-lighted stage that there stepped in January an Expert Committee of Inquiry into the amount of reparations which Germany can be expected to pay. This committee includes Reginald McKenna, the British banker, whose views of the French occupation of the Ruhr are decidedly negative. But the most picturesque ornament on the commission is, by general admission, that vigorous American, "Hell and Maria" Dawes. Whatever view may be taken of "Maria," there is no doubt that in his opening speech General Dawes gave them "Hell." And the polite politicians of Paris staggered under his candor. Subsequently there has been silence and secrecy, visits to Berlin, investigations, but nothing for the reporters.

While Dawes assumed a humble enough air at the outset of his oration, he closed with the blunt declaration that the time had come when "common sense must be crowned king." This is, of course, the kind of thing that has been said to Europe more than once. And the question is, what it always has been when these Sybilline Books are opened, namely, whether or not France is prepared to revise the total of reparations and agree to the financial rescue of Germany. A day or two after the address by

Dawes, Poincaré spoke in what was, it must be confessed, his usual unyielding vein. It is rumored that his mind has changed, but up to the present this is only rumor.

It is pointed out that by the depreciation of the mark Germany has wiped out the whole of her internal indebtedness and that she ought to be, therefore, in a position to meet some part, at any rate, of the claim for reparations. The bankers estimate that Germany has exported capital to the amount of \$600,000,000, of which \$200,000,000 has come to the United States and been largely expended on cotton.

□ □

Anxiety Over India

OVER the future of India there is genuine anxiety. The peace of 340,000,000 people is involved in the maintenance of British prestige. On assuming office, Prime Minister Macdonald at once cabled to India a warning that he would tolerate no revolutionary attempt to change the government of the country. His next step was, however, to release Mahatma Gandhi from prison. That Gandhi is in ill health was the reason alleged, and undoubtedly this remarkable man, who is said now to weigh less than 100 pounds, has suffered under the strain of his strenuous career. And the last thing that the British desired was that he should die a martyr in their hospitals, or even that debate on his case should arise either in the Indian Parliament at Delhi or in the House of Commons at Westminster. But with Gandhi abroad again, anything may happen.

India also has had her elections. On the first occasion, Gandhi's followers abstained from standing as candidates and from voting. They were firm for "non-cooperation." This meant that the Indians elected to the various legislatures were moderate Liberals, able and willing



NOW JUST WHAT IS THIS THING STUFFED WITH?

—Smith in Chattanooga News.

to work with the British. But with Gandhi secluded, there arose in Bengal a leader called C. R. Das, who formed what is called the Swaraj Party. He is anti-British. But he runs candidates and organizes votes. As a result, Swaraj Indians have secured many seats in the legislatures, often displacing moderates. In the Assembly at Delhi, which represents the whole of British India, Swaraj holds more than 40 seats out of 145; in Bengal, 50 out of 139; in the central provinces, 50 out of 69. It will be the plan of the Swarajists to frustrate the business of the legislatures by obstruction.

The governor of Bengal is Lord Lytton, a man of liberal personality, son of the Lytton who was Viceroy of India and grandson of Bulwer Lytton, the novelist. He has taken the unusual step of inviting C. R. Das himself to form a Cabinet and govern Bengal. Das declined, but his refusal did not spoil the fine moral effect of the invitation.

For An Important Publishers' Announcement See Page vi of the Advertising Section. ¶ ¶

Listening In

I STILL work two shifts a day to preserve my health and to entice my sub-consciousness into being so interested in the world that I shall have no desire to quit.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

DEMAGOGUES have fattened by stimulating hatred, and great men have gone to defeat because of it. No man in any country should be elected to office who honestly or dishonestly continues to confuse revenge with justice. It is time to balance the rights and cancel the wrongs. The spirit of revenge never gets anybody anywhere. Instead, it dwarfs the mind and the spirit and will warp a nation. The satisfaction that it promises it never gives.—*Bernard M. Baruch, financier, economic adviser to Woodrow Wilson's Commission to Negotiate Peace.*

GIVE me five minutes' talk with a man about politics or weather or neighbors or finances, and I'll tell you whether he's going to reach ninety-five in good shape or not. If he says he has the finest neighbors in the world and adds that times never have been better or politics cleaner or the weather finer, then you may be pretty sure that he'll be a winner at ninety-five or any other age. No matter how long you live, there isn't time to worry.—*Chauncey M. Depew, 89-year-old ex-Senator, lawyer and after-dinner speaker.*

THE Civil War did not begin when Fort Sumpter was fired upon. It began 170 years before; when a brig unloaded at Jamestown, Virginia, a shipload of people who called themselves Cavaliers, and at about the same time the *Mayflower* discharged at Plymouth Rock a shipload of

people who called themselves Puritans. These two groups planted distinct ideas, and ideas are really the warriors of the world.

One of these ideas was that all men should be free. The other was that one race or one class had a right to hold in subjection another class. These two ideas began a race across the continent, and in the crucible of their contention we burned out many impurities in our national system.—*Henry J. Allen, ex-Governor of Kansas.*

THE United States once went on the notion that all men are created equal, and admitted everybody. We believed our country should give political asylum to anybody that needed it. But we found we were becoming an insane asylum.

At the time of the Chinese Exclusion Act we changed to the economic principle and admitted immigrants according to our need for laborers. Now we have got to change to the biologic principle.

The proposed new immigration law, based on the census of 1890, will admit only 2 instead of 3 per cent. of nationalities then domiciled here. That means British, Scandinavians, Germans and other North Europeans like the rest of us.

Unless the United States adopts this biologic principle they will be flooded over by people of inferior stock because of their greater fecundity.—*Dr. Harry H. Laughlin, official investigator for the Secretary of Labor of European immigration conditions.*

THE strength of the world lies neither in gold nor precious jewels; it lies in the ordered and peaceful industry of great populations harnessed to those occupations by which, in the imperfectly divined purposes of the author of the universe, all must earn their living.

Great nations not only deserve but require a great world in which to develop their own greatness. Commercial genius flourishes when the whole world flourishes, and its prosperity declines when the whole

world declines.—*Lord Birkenhead, ex-Chancellor of the British Exchequer.*

WE are barbarians when we admire a thing because it is expensive, a people and a man because they are rich and powerful. We are barbarians when we eat, drink and smoke to excess; when we dissipate wealth solely to show that we possess it.

We are barbarians when we cast away the greatest treasure God has bestowed upon us—our intelligence—to fuse it into matter and render it destructively potent, when we are proud to serve as accessories to machines that every day become more intelligent while we grow more stupid.—*Guglielmo Ferrero, Italian historian.*

AMERICA is a land of contradictions. In the icefields of the cruelest commercialism the world has ever known the yellow daisies of pure aestheticism are struggling in a paradoxical attempt to find the sun.

What is the philosophy of America? It is a skepticism linked with credulity; sin linked to the fastidiousness of the prude; a house of progress built on the sinking sands of an obsolete civilization. America appalls while it astounds, amuses while it saddens, confounds even at the moment one begins to understand. America is a Fact which in itself cannot be explained; it is the only fact which cannot be explained.—*Maurice Maeterlinck, Belgian poet and mystic.*

MEN still are sitting in the seats of the mighty, enthroned in all the ancient privilege of sex; they still are jealously guarding for themselves the rewards of intellect and achievement—the most highly paid positions in all occupations, all superintendencies, all principalships, all associate professorships, all full professorships, all head curatorships in museums, and even an unfair proportion of fellowships, especially of the most valuable kind.

Without exception, men reserve for themselves—although women often deserve them as well—stately funerals, splendid monuments, memorial statues, membership in academies, medals, titles, honorary degrees, stars, garters, ribbons, buttons and other shining baubles, so valueless in themselves and yet so infinitely valuable because they are the symbols of recognition by their fellow craftsmen of difficult work well done.—*Miss M. Carey Thomas, President Emeritus of Bryn Mawr College, author of books and addresses on education and co-education.*

ALL social reformers take their ultimate dream from Christmas. Under the hard statistical talk of the economic reconstruction of the world, the Socialist program is nothing more than to make Christmas last all the year; put plum pudding and roast turkey with sausages, and port from the wood, into every meal.

When that day comes the world will go by clockwork, as the toys do, and instead of hard competition, the free spirit of giving, the social spirit, will prevail. In those days of Christmas all the year round there will be no more price tickets on the good things of this earth.

So the real symbolic image of Lenin himself to his followers is not a wild head with a knife in its teeth, but good old Santa Claus, with red coat, face hearty with good feeling and living.—*William Bolitho, British journalist.*

I HAVE great faith in the American people as the future leaders of civilization, but that cannot be for another thirty-five or forty years. At present they are too engrossed with their own mechanical, commercial development. They are rapidly reaching the climax of this development—a marvelous, stupendous thing—and then they will turn to other things. With the same thoroughness, initiative and youthful assurance with which they conquered the material world they will tackle poetry, literature, music and give the world the greatest art of all times.

Those who accuse America of being inartistic are devoid of imagination. America is working out her artistic consciousness. You have there two distinct tendencies; your simplicity, refreshing childishness, almost primitiveness in all things emotional, and your ultra-modernity in the mechanical fields. Consider a fusion of these two elements. What a startling combination! Think of what it will give us!—*Benito Mussolini, Italian Premier.*

THE Crusades were immensely popular, not because we were an intensely pious people who sincerely wanted to recapture the Sepulchre of Christ from the Turks, but because of all the travel

and adventure that the Crusades implied. Many of the Crusaders never returned to England. I do not mean that they were killed on the field of battle, but they had started wandering and they went on.

In the Caucasus to-day is a tribe which is possessed of chain-mail and red-cross armor, and wears it upon occasion, the Xevsuri, said to be the descendants of English knights and retainers who, instead of returning home, wandered into these parts and got lost. I have seen these people myself and they have shared my coffee cooked over a brushwood fire on the bank of the white-foaming Aragva.—*Stephen Graham, explorer and author.*

TRAILING DOHENY OVER OIL AND QUICKSANDS

A STRANDED mining prospector one day noticed a wagon loaded with a dark-brown substance passing along a street in Los Angeles. He took a handful. It was tarry and greasy. Instinctively he knew he had found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow he had chased through incredible hardships. For twenty years he had followed the quest with little to show by way of reward, save a disfiguring scar on his face, and a mangled wrist which had been crunched in the mouth of a mountain lion on one of the thousands of nights he had slept out in the open in regions strange to man.

On his fortieth birthday the prospector hadn't forty dollars to his name. Since then he has amassed riches at

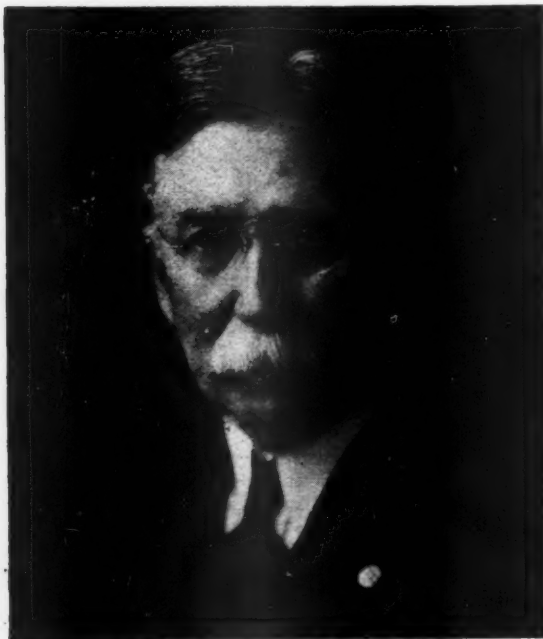
the rate of a million dollars or more a year. Now, at sixty-eight, Edward L. Doheny is an oil king who can afford to make \$100,000 "presents" and pay sundry \$50,000 salaries to such former Cabinet members and legal lights as William G. McAdoo, Albert B. Fall, Franklin K. Lane and Lindley Garrison.

Doheny has never courted publicity. In compiling his studies of "Men Who Are Making the West," B. C. Forbes had considerable difficulty in ascertaining biographical facts about this oil man of millions and mystery. We read that he came of venturesome pioneer stock, both his father (an Irishman) and his mother's father (an Irish-Canadian) having hunted seals and whales in the icy regions of Labrador. The

family later settled at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and there Edward was born in 1856.

Graduating from high school at fifteen, the nomadic blood in his veins moved him to accept an opportunity to accompany a party of government surveyors to Oklahoma. Later he proceeded into New Mexico with a government mule buyer. Here the youth, not yet seventeen, had exciting experiences with Indians, who were conducting very successful scalping expeditions.

The government troops, having captured many steeds from marauding Indians, announced a sale of them; and young Doheny, writes Forbes, saw a chance to undertake his first business venture. He had saved enough to buy ninety-two head at \$5.35 each. The next job was to tame the horses, not one of which had been broken. He became so expert at handling ponies that he attained quite a reputation



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BROKE AT 40, AND NOW, AT 68, A MULTIMILLIONAIRE Edward L. Doheny, a central figure in the sensational Senate investigation of the California naval oil reserve and Wyoming (Teapot Dome) leases, implicating former government officials of both parties, is a born pioneer in pursuit of fortune.

as a jockey at the horse races, which the pioneers of those days had a passion for holding. When he sold out, his profits exceeded \$2,000.

Unlike the dare-devil Westerners portrayed by writers of juvenile stories, young Doheny did not drink, did not play cards, did not even smoke. He is said to have early realized that only the fittest could survive the life he planned to lead as a mining prospector in rugged, unsettled regions overrun with wild animals and wilder men.

It was in Arizona that he struck his first rich find. By building a crude stone mill to crush the ore, he won gold in paying quantities. But the wanderlust possessed him, and off he went to blaze new trails and seek other El Dorados. After much wandering, and not a little hunger and more than one hair-raising escapade, he finally, in 1880, discovered the Black Range mining district in what is now Sierra County, New Mexico, and in less than three months a town of 5,000 people sprang up, a railroad was run in, telegraphic communication was established, and Ed Doheny became a bonanza king.

Once again, however, having set things in motion, instead of remaining to pile up a huge fortune, he pulled up stakes and moved on. He was then worth about \$30,000, but he had made a vow he would clean up \$100,000 as a prospector or leave his bones on the mountains. Several others had made that amount, and Bill Greene (subsequently of Greene-Cananea fame) had made nearer \$1,000,000.

His next strike was an unique silver placer-mine on the spot which, thanks to Doheny's enterprise, developed into Kingston, N. M. Stories of how chunks of silver could be picked up with little trouble spread like wildfire, and soon 6,000 people, mostly daring gentlemen of fortune, were camping all around the wealth-strewn ground. Riches poured into Doheny's lap by tens of thousands of dollars. Although not yet twenty-five he blossomed as an important mine owner and operator. His next venture—the shipping of rich fluxing ores

from Mexico into the United States—rolled up further riches for him until it was knocked on the head by the McKinley tariff bill, which imposed half a cent a pound duty on such ores. Doheny went broke.

Again into strange, unpeopled regions—this time the Mojave Desert. Here Doheny and a partner, C. A. Canfield, operated mines rich in gold, but with ore so refractory that it was virtually impossible to work it. From South Africa had come reports of a wonderful cyanide process which had been installed on the Witwatersrand mines with revolutionary success. Doheny hid himself to Denver, where a demonstration was to be given, analyzed the process, found it satisfactory, bought from its Scottish inventors the right to use it, and set up the first cyanide plant in that part of the world.

Days and years of ups and downs followed. Rarely did Prospector Doheny sleep under other ceiling than the wide heavens. Each night he lay down with his rifle at his side, his six-shooter ready for action and a hunter's knife at his belt.

After twenty years spent in searching for Ophir he found himself, in the fall of 1892, in Los Angeles minus more than \$99,000 of the \$100,000 he had set as his goal.

"I was living," he narrates, "at a small hotel in the western part of Los Angeles. One day I noticed a wagon-load of brown material that looked like the manganese ores I used to mine in New Mexico. I took a handful and found it was tarry and greasy. I asked the negro driver what it was. 'It is breer,' he replied. That was his crude way of pronouncing 'brea,' the Spanish word for pitch. Yes, I had, of course, learned Spanish. 'Where does it come from?' I asked. 'From near West Lake Park,' he told me.

"I immediately jumped on a street car. I found the place without difficulty. Examining it I discovered tar exudes which, mixing with the soil on the surface, made a tarry product. This, I learned, was being used in lieu of coal in several small manufacturing plants.

"My heart beat fast. I had found gold

and I had found silver and I had found lead, but this ugly-looking substance I felt was the key to something more valuable than any or all of these metals. I hurriedly hunted up my associate, Mr. Canfield, and took him to the place. We spent several days tracing out the different oil exudes in and near Los Angeles with a view to selecting the most likely spot to make an experimental development. We finally selected a spot more than a mile from the first one and bought the plot for \$400, a price which taxed our joint cash resources. Engaging one man and a boy and a horse we started to sink a shaft five feet wide by seven feet long through the shale formation, this being the only way we knew of to prospect for oil, so ignorant were we of the whole oil business. Never did men work as we two worked digging and shoveling the stuff into buckets to be hoisted to the surface and carted away. In thirty-eight days we had sunk the shaft 155 feet, an almost superhuman achievement considering our ridiculously crude appliance. Through great good fortune we did not reach oil. Why? Because if we had struck oil in commercial quantities we would have been instantly overcome by gas and asphyxiated before we could have scrambled out of the shaft. Even before this we had come upon oil-soaked shale, which emitted considerable quantities of gas and crackled like pop-corn, releasing little pockets of oil, enough to smear the shaft with black tar and almost choke us.

"We began to realize the danger. Dimly recollecting having seen artesian wells being sunk in Wisconsin during my boyhood days, I cut down a eucalyptus tree sixty feet high and made a pole, and began laboriously to worm its point down through the bottom of the shaft. The process would have discouraged any one not possessing the sublime faith that we possessed that a few inches or a few more feet at the most would tap for us incalculable wealth.

"Suddenly gas spewed out and oil flooded the shaft to a depth of ten or fifteen feet in a few moments.

"I arranged for the building of a wooden tank to hold about 100 barrels, and found by baling that the well yielded about seven barrels a day. I felt like a millionaire."

Alas, the thick fluid was not salable. Its like was not being used anywhere in

the state. Doheny succeeded in inducing a pipe manufacturer to dip his pipes in the oil to coat them. For eighteen months Doheny and Canfield labored heroically in developing other small wells by crude methods. Then Doheny recalled an old-time friend who had drilled oil wells in Pennsylvania and Ohio, brought him to Los Angeles, purchased the up-to-date machinery he recommended, and in ten days the new plant drilled a well 600 feet deep, which yielded forty-five barrels a day.

Success alternated with failures until, in 1898, Doheny sold his holdings in the Fullerton District of California for \$156,000, and resumed activities he had already begun in the rich Bakersfield District until he was netting there an income of \$500,000 a year.

Subsequently he sold this property and began prospecting Mexico in search of oil which, after many tribulations, was struck in such quantity in the Tampico field that to-day Doheny is described as the largest producer of oil in any country. His first company, Mexican Petroleum, capitalized at \$10,000,000, was formed in 1905, to operate over a tract of 280,000 acres. Drilling machinery was hurriedly shipped from Pittsburgh to Tampico, thence by rail and finally hauled through the jungle. In two weeks a well was sunk, which began to produce fifty barrels of very heavy oil daily. Doheny went ahead developing more and more wells; built a refining plant; formed an asphalt paving company, which did a large business; finally convinced the Mexican Central Railway that it could not afford to operate without oil fuel, and established a thriving, profitable business. From a single property more than 120,000,000 barrels of oil have been marketed. In addition to Mexican Petroleum, Doheny formed and controls the Pan-American Petroleum & Transport Company, which owns among other things a large fleet of tank steamers, of which no fewer than twelve were devoted to the service of the British and American governments in the war zone.

A STATESMAN IN THE VATICAN IS PIUS XI.

IT is now two years since Cardinal Ratti of Milan was elected to be Pope Pius XI. The choice of "the young man's Pope," Alpine climber and most recent of Cardinals, came as a sensation and it was expected that the Pope would work many changes in the Church. About the halls of the Vatican there hangs historic velvet which softly restrains the ecclesiastic who is too zealous for experiment, and the mere etiquette to which the Supreme Pontiff must submit is sufficient to exhaust a vigorous man's energy. Clad in those venerable vestments which no Pope dare discard, the Holy Father is compelled to adopt a walking pace. A Church which claims 300 millions of the faithful moves like a glacier, with a vast yet scarcely perceptible momentum. If, then, we review what the Pope has achieved, it is because, under his impulse, the progress has been appreciable and still continues.

On matters of faith, the Pope is adamant. He has allowed the name of Anatole France to be pilloried on the Index Expurgatorius. And it is rumored that he would be happy to add a new dogma to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, by declaring infallibly that Our Lord's Mother ascended with her corporeal body into heaven. But over the routine of the Vatican the Pope is modernism itself.

The prince who desires an ornamental audience has to wait for the priest who, though humble, has business to submit. No longer does the official day conclude at two in the afternoon. While Protestants preach through the radio, the Pope is photographed for the screen. Into the grounds of the Vatican he admits baseball and he watches a game from his window. Edward L. Hearn, of the Knights of Columbus, is received for 25 minutes, the longest interview granted in recent years to a layman. And when the Consistorial Congrega-

tion ordered the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States to discontinue its activities, the Pope heard the protest of Bishops Moeller of Cincinnati and Schrembo of Cleveland and in effect reversed the edict. With Austria shattered, the Pope has no intention of risking a detachment of America. And he has decided that, in all future Conclaves for the election of a Pope, proceedings must be postponed until American Cardinals arrive.

One imperative factor in the situation is finance. The Vatican must continue to be spectacular. But the collapse of Europe has increased the burdens which fall on its diminished revenues. Hence the care with which the Pope scrutinizes items charged for workmen's overtime and his inquiry to his cook as to the fate of an unfinished chicken. The easy extravagances which pervade courts, whether royal or ecclesiastical, has been sharply checked.

In details, the Pope has challenged convention. The old servant, who waited on his family for forty years, has been retained within the Vatican itself, though she is a woman. She understands what the Pope likes to eat and the Pope considers that, living as he does under the strain of an exalted responsibility, he has a right to the assistance of minor comforts. On the costumes of ladies, admitted into his presence or ascending on their knees that Holy Staircase which, according to tradition, Christ once ascended in the Palace of Pilate, the Pope is severe in his discipline. High necks, long sleeves and adequate skirts are the strict rule which nobody, however influential or inclined to fashion, may break. Queen Mary, when visiting the Pope, was veiled.

With the world in confusion, the Pope realizes that he has an unprecedented opportunity of reasserting his primacy over Christendom. Hence his indifference to details which make no

difference. He has made terms with Mussolini, whose rival, Don Sturgo, the monk who led the Popular Party, has retired under orders into a monastery. Italian officers in uniform are now welcome at St. Peter's. Not only has the Pope set up an automobile, but he has it registered by the state as "C. D. 55325" — "C. D." meaning "Corps Diplomatique." People are wondering whether "the prisoner of the Vatican" since 1870 will now drive abroad, say, to his sixteenth-century villa, the Castel Gandolfo, not that this rapprochement between the Vatican and the Quirinal is everywhere welcomed. Italy is now an ambitious country. And an Italian Pope, surrounded by Italian Cardinals and in touch with the Italian government, might be partial to

Italian interests. France has always considered herself to be the guardian of the Church in the Mediterranean, and it is in the Mediterranean that France is challenged by Italy and Spain. Incidentally, the Pope has taken a strong line against any possible predominance of the Jews in Palestine over Holy Places. Palestine is held by the British under mandate of the League of Nations, on which body, without doubt, the Pope desires to be represented. He might well argue that with about thirty nations sending accredited envoys to the Holy See, it would not be unreasonable if the Holy See were to send an Envoy to a League which includes those nations.

For the Pope is appearing definitely as statesman as well as ecclesiastic. He tells France that she should allow the total of reparations to be examined and her "odious" occupation of the Ruhr to be modified. He tells Germany to drop her sabotage and passive resistance. He negotiates with Russia. He conciliates the Irish. He utters a prayer for the success of the Genoa Conference. He pleads for peace. He is playing a big game for a big end, which end can be secured in only two ways, by force or by persuasion. The Pope will depend on persuasion.

It was when King Alphonso addressed him that Pius XI. disclosed his attitude. The royal address had not been communicated in advance and, as its flowery sentences struck the astonished air, it was found to be full of embarrassing reminiscences, how Spain had fought the Lutherans in the Netherlands and was ready for another "crusade" or religious war in favor of orthodoxy. The Galahad of Deauville was quietly snubbed. He had dared to suggest that Spain would



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HIS HOLINESS IS FOND OF STROLLING THROUGH THE VATICAN GROUNDS

Pope Pius XI. also is fond of witnessing baseball games, has been photographed for the movies and maintains an automobile registered as C. D. (Corps Diplomatique) 55325.

welcome two Cardinal's hats. The Pope intimated that Cardinal's hats are conferred by divine, not royal inspiration, and Spain—also the United States—has had to wait. It is not by any war on Protestants that Pope Pius XI. will seek to advance the Catholic cause. Doubtless he dislikes the skyline of the Methodist University in Rome which confronts the Vatican. Doubtless he suspects the Y. M. C. A. Doubtless he conferred on the Queen of Spain, herself a convert from Anglo-Catholicism, the famous but not always lucky "Golden Rose." Doubtless, he ordered an expiatory mass to atone for the impious celebration of Ernest Rénan's centenary. But he knows that, if he is to lead Christendom, it must be as a prince of peace.

Hence the talk of reunion—the eagerness to welcome the eastern or orthodox Christians back into the fold—the more delicate flirtations with the Established Church of England. How Cardinal Mercier, authorized by Rome, met certain delegates from England, authorized by Canterbury, and talked things over, is a story which is under discussion everywhere in ecclesiastical circles. Pope Leo XIII. issued a bull in 1895 which declares that the Anglican orders are "null and void." And as long as this bull holds good, negotiations appear to be academic. The

Protestant Episcopal Church could not unite with Rome unless she split up within herself. But the ecclesiastical pen, especially when held in a fine Italian hand, has a way of circumventing difficulties. There is everywhere a trend towards conciliation in religion. And where there's a papal will, there's a papal way.

Especial importance, then, attaches to the Jubilee Year, 1925, when the Roman See will display all her historic pageantry and when some dramatic announcement from the infallible Chair of St. Peter is expected. There is a belief, too, that an Ecumenical Council of all Roman Bishops will be summoned at any early date—that Council the sittings of which were interrupted in 1870. Rome, therefore, is to-day a hive of activity and anticipation. Within her fold there is none of the doctrinal discussions which trouble Protestants. On the contrary, Rome is athirst for dogma, for new saints, for those up-to-date miracles which are essential to canonization. The latest candidate is Pope Pius X, who died at the outbreak of the war. To add his name to the calendar of the beatified is an objective in which American Catholics especially are said to be keenly interested. And Pope Pius XI. would be the last pontiff in the world to discourage any such enthusiasm.

SHE SHARES THE SPOTLIGHT WITH RAMSAY MACDONALD

AMONG women throughout the world, who in one capacity or another are entering public life, it will be conceded that at the moment it is Margaret Bondfield who can fairly claim the spotlight of fame. In the Russian Commune there is supposed to be an equality of the sexes, and as wife of Lenin, Krupskaya has presided over the Political Section of the Department of Education at Moscow. Another "first lady of the Soviet" has been Madame Kameneff, the sister of

Trotsky, a poetaster and patron of the arts, and vain—says Samuel Spewack—as the Empress Catherine of Russia. Madame Kalenin, wife of the President of the Soviet Republic itself, another "Ekaterina," will also be remembered, if only because, in 1923, she was refused permission to enter the United States on account of the judicial murder inflicted on the Bishop and Vicar General of the Roman Church, Butchkevitch. Also, a woman, accredited to Norway—Madame Kolantay—is said to



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THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH OF THE BRITISH
LABOR PARTY"

Margaret Bondfield ranks with Annie Besant, in India; Jane Addams, in America; and Halideh Hanoum, in Turkey, as a champion of the Englishwoman marching to greater freedom.

be the only ambassador of her sex in the world; and there is that astonishing Amazon of Odessa, Dora Ivlinsky, executioner of the Extraordinary Commission in that city, who, at the age of 17 years, had slain 400 royalists officers! But, on the whole, Russia has failed to evoke statesmanship among her revolting daughters. Catherine Breshkovsky—"little grandmother of the Russian Revolution"—is living, an exile, in Prague. In the recent trial of the Social Revolutionaries, there was an eloquent woman, Eugenie M. Ratner, who even then had been imprisoned for two years, while the sad disillusionment of Emma Goldman has in it a hint of the ludicrous. In Russia, therefore, Margaret Bondfield has no rival. And her only peers to-day are Annie Besant in India, Jane Addams in Chicago, and

Halideh Edib Hanoum, the Joan of Arc of Turkey, of which illustrious trio the first two are considerably senior to Miss Bondfield, who, however, is sufficiently feminine to withhold her age from the usual books of reference!

Margaret Bondfield embodies the upheaval on the woman's side of England's so-called "lower middle class." No women anywhere were worse treated than were the shop-assistants of the retail stores. Wretchedly paid, compelled to "live in" the building where they worked, and compelled to work incredible hours, these girls lost youth and looks and health in the struggle for a ladylike occupation, the meager emoluments of which were an incentive to prostitution. To join a trade-union would have seemed like becoming an anarchist, and to go on strike was unthinkable. Yet Mary MacArthur and Margaret Bondfield organized those shop-assistants. Miss MacArthur accepted William C. Anderson, the Labor member, as husband, and both

these gallant pioneers collapsed under the strain of their industrial mission. But Margaret Bondfield, cool, well balanced, efficient, survives. She is to-day the Queen Elizabeth of the Labor Party.

As an orator in the Albert Hall, with its audience that numbers ten thousand, Margaret Bondfield is not only adequate; on a recent occasion, she outshone Ramsay Macdonald himself. And her power consists in her practicality. She is devoted, not to abstract principles, not to remote ideals, but to the immediate and urgent pursuit of happiness. She takes the next grievance and, at any rate, gets that remedied. She is as thrifty as a housewife of her effort, and uses it always to the best advantage. Conscious of charm, she applies this weapon also to mere man,

never bullying or hectoring the other sex, but inducing everywhere a strong purpose, inspired by sound reason. Miss Bondfield has stooped to conquer, for years, deferring to men who have not half her perception and wisdom. She has her reward. As she was, twenty-four years ago, the first woman to be a delegate to the Trade-Union Congress, so she is now the first woman to preside over that national parliament of organized Labor. For one year, at any rate, she has been the Samuel Gompers of Great Britain, helping to settle a great railroad strike and other disputes. In her success, she is still no theorist; she pursues this day's happiness; by which is meant this day's happiness for the greatest number of human beings.

Out of the Shop-Assistants' Union there grew the Women's Trade-Union League, in which are to be found workers in every industry. Of the Woman's Trade-Union League, Margaret Bondfield has been for years a leader. To emancipate the factory girl, to transform "Tillie the Toiler" into a responsible and thoughtful citizen, is her aim; and her good humor, her sportsmanship and her entire freedom from aesthetic crankiness has made her the most popular skirted member of the faculty of the Grand High School of British Labor. She is no more manlike than is Mary Pickford; but she is no more feminist. While the Pankhursts were prancing into and out of prison, Margaret Bondfield was far too busy to waste her life on any such idiosyncrasies. She believed in votes for women, but she was far more concerned with exercising a woman's influence. The Pankhursts, therefore, have disappeared. And Margaret Bondfield is in Parliament.

As long as Mary MacArthur lived, Margaret Bondfield played the part of a younger sister. With a true modesty, she gave Miss MacArthur the precedence. That disinterested modesty is still in evidence and no woman is less spoilt by publicity. A month ago, everyone took it for granted that Mar-

garet Bondfield would enter the first Labor Cabinet. As chairman of the Trade-Union Congress, she could have demanded this as a right. True, she had never as yet sat in Parliament or served in a government. But that disqualification, which applied to others in the Labor Party, must have been waived in her case.

If she stood aside, it was sheer loyalty to the cause. The portfolio of "Health," which was to have been hers, was claimed as a sop to Cerberus, namely to the discontented Communists of Glasgow; and J. H. Wheatley, of the Left Wing, who had been talking unpleasantly about Labor Ministers declining large salaries, was mollified by the offer of one for himself. Margaret Bondfield accepted a subordinate position.

Still she sits on the front bench and is the first woman there to sit. This means that she is the first woman to enter a government, in that respect at any rate outstripping even Lady Astor. And when a vacancy occurs in the Cabinet, we may rest assured that Margaret Bondfield, unless she fails in the House, which is unlikely, will be considered for promotion.

Already she is well known in Europe. At the International Labor Conference in Berne, she has rendered expert service; one of her subjects is industrial diseases like "phossy-jaw," due to working in phosphorus. Also, in 1919, she represented Great Britain at the Labor Conference, held in Washington under the terms of the League of Nations. In this country her oratory was much admired, and if Margaret Bondfield had desired to rival Margaret Asquith as lecturer, she certainly had every opportunity of so doing. Her tastes are, however, inexpensive. On the road of life she travels with a light knapsack. And she need make no compromises with Mammon.

Religious? In her own way, yes. Whatever be Margaret Bondfield's creed, she is one who desires, not that religion be destroyed, but that religion be applied.

OPENING UP MYSTERIOUS VISTAS IN ASIA

NOT one man in a million has had the experiences which Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski records in his "Beasts, Men and Gods" and "Man and Mystery in Asia." The first of the two books named, which appeared in 1922 and described its author's escape from Soviet Siberia, through Outer and Inner Mongolia and Thibet, to China, went into twenty-one editions in nine months. The second, which has just been issued by the firm of Dutton and tells of other of Ossendowski's travels in Asia, promises to duplicate the success of the earlier work. Taken together, these two books may be said to furnish a kind of key to a dark continent which, in many sections, is still practically unexplored and which is bound to play an increasingly important part in world-development. Whole populations, as well as individual types, emerge here. We feel again the spirit of racial childhood. The dominant tone conveyed is not a pleasing one. On page after page are traced the effects of cruelty, malice and all uncharitableness. At times we get an impression of absolute hopelessness. But ever and again hope emerges.

What strikes a professional critic, such as Frederic Taber Cooper, most forcibly, and perhaps more especially in the second book, is the sheer reckless prodigality of precious material, the riotous, tumultuous crowding together of incidents and episodes, landscape glimpses of pastel loveliness, grim abysses of human souls like the lower depths of Dante's "Inferno," compressed to a brief half page, squandered on a paragraph. Over and over Dr. Cooper finds the persistent thought arising, "What a theme for a novel by Joseph Conrad!" He goes on to say, in a review of the book in the *New York Herald*: "There are a score of poignant tragedies of despair and thwarted vengeance that could be lengthened to the rich amplitude of a

new 'Lord Jim.' But Ossendowski sets down the salient facts with the brevity and precision of a clinical report, and lets it go at that—wringing from his tale, perhaps, a final twist of poignancy by leaving a haunting memory that forces the reader to fill in the gaps for himself."

The book opens as Ossendowski, leaving the University of Petrograd in 1899, goes to join a scientific expedition to study the salt and mineral lakes in the region adjoining the Yenesei River, near Turkestan. There is an account, in particular, of Szira-Kul, the "bitter lake," which is rapidly being transformed into a lifeless reservoir of bad-smelling salt water. A legend among the neighboring people had been that the lake was holy and would avenge itself on those who attempted to meddle with it; and Ossendowski, navigating its waters in the company of a friend, understood the significance of this story when his boat was almost submerged by a mysterious tide. A little later, a diver, sent to the bottom of the lake, returned shuddering and white, reporting that he had seen a submerged home and a human skeleton balancing itself "as if hopping from one foot to the other." Ossendowski thought it quite possible that, long before, houses had actually been overwhelmed by a rising flood caused by some geological mishap.

The narrative passes on to review other wonders. The book, in fact, is full of wonders. Where else can one find such thrilling stories as those with which it abounds—stories that prove once more that fact is stranger than fiction? When Ossendowski recalls the brutal adventures of men who have pursued their enemies to the death or who have even, under the stress of cold and starvation, eaten one another, we know that he is telling the truth. When he shows what men will do under the stress of boredom, we recognize his

originality. Drunkenness and sexual excess are common, but a "tiger club," in which men crawl around in the dark on their hands and knees and invite their associates to shoot at them, has never before, so far as we know, been described in a book. R. L. Stevenson has written of a suicide club. Ossendowski paints to the life a half-crazed monk who actually exhorts his followers to wash away the sins of the world by killing themselves at the altar.

There is something for everybody in "Man and Mystery in Asia." The lover of flowers can enlarge his knowledge of flora. The entomologist may find what beetles are doing in Tartar lands. One chapter describes a "battle of tarantulas" in a bottle. The worst foe of the tarantula, we read, is the sheep. "It has no fear of the tarantula's bite, and, putting its tongue right into the spider's hole, waits until the confident lord of battle fastens the warm tongue with teeth and hairy feet; then, with a visible appreciation of the agreeable sensation, the sheep closes its eyes with enjoyment and swallows the angry tarantula as we swallow a Blue Point or Lynnhaven, only without lemon or horse radish." Dr. Ossendowski can write with all the enthusiasm of a naturalist, but never forgets that the whole of Central Asia was once a battleground over which swept "the hordes of Genghis Khan the Conqueror, of Tamerlane the Lame, of the terrible Goondjur, and of the last scion of the Great Mongol, Amursan Khan," leaving behind them the graves of their killed or dead, marked by red monoliths or dolmens. He tells us:

"I distinctly sensed with awe and emotion the stories of the battles which took place here and left after them graves and legends, making vocal again the tones of the stern warriors or the sobs and plaints of the victims. It seemed to me that the grass whispered unknown tales of long past times and of the people reposing under the dolmens; and that these monoliths with grim effort, struggle to keep alive the names of the heroes who found their final rest on this trail of races, nations and tribes."



THE AMAZING OSSENDOWSKI

In "Man and Mystery in Asia," Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski repeats the success of his earlier book, "Beasts, Men and Gods," and gives us real insight into the minds and hearts of millions of awakening peoples. He is now a professor in the Military and Commercial Academies in Warsaw.

Part of the book is devoted to wanderers, to escaped convicts, to floating groups. It is plain that the picturesque characters of some outlaws appeal to Ossendowski. He has known, in his own person, what it means to be a government official and also what it means to be a revolutionary. He can sympathize with the instinct that destroys, as well as with the instinct that constructs. One of his best chapters, entitled "Men of Iron Will," is a tribute to two of the most constructive personalities of the Far East, the brothers Kudiakoff. These brothers, it seems, had been simple Russian peasants who had gone of their own accord to the village of Rasdolnaya, on the railway between Vladivostok and Nikolsk-Ussuriski. They were skilful hunters, and through their sale and barter of furs were soon on the way toward enriching themselves; but so far from exploiting the people of the place, they set an example of probity. They refused, for

instance, to sell alcohol. They protected the weak. They even loaned money and implements to tramps, and never lost anything in doing so. These Kudiakoff brothers, their life, their social and political views and their characters, stirred a profound sympathy in Dr. Ossendowski, and suggest to him the thought that they ought to be held as a model before the youth of to-day who too often are merely indulging their appetites or pursuing phantoms.

Dr. Ossendowski gives a vivid picture of the Vladivostok of twenty years ago. There was a Russian quarter, a European quarter, a Japanese quarter, and, further on, behind a mountain, "a human rubbish heap; hovels half hidden in the earth, broken fences, ruined roofs, and whole streams of stinking mud flowing from the streets and corners." People swarmed like rats in this rubbish heap. "Garbed in white or pink cotton trousers and short coats, with hair strangely dressed in a little knot and covered with a horse-hair hat like a milliner's form in which it looked like a bird in its cage, with sunburnt, dirty, brown nice faces, and a language coming from the throat sounding like the barking of a dog—these were Koreans, children of the Land of the Morning Calm. Dr. Ossendowski continues:

"The population of Vladivostok was an ethnographic puzzle and was a mixture of widely divergent moral ideas and convictions. It was composed of Russian officials who drank and made fortunes by exacting bribes or who found their way to prison; of drinking and card-playing officers; speculating merchants; small industrial operators using and abusing the cheap labor unprotected by any laws; of banditti; of slave traders, counterfeiters, blackmailers. . . .

"This population, dubious from the standpoint of morality, was the ground on which was delineated the primitive story of the town. During the first years of its history it was a small Russian fortress near which hid itself a little town with bars, suspicious restaurants, gambling dens, and all the social parasites that are the bane of frontier life.

"After a time, new personalities appeared on the scene: two German mariners, fugitives from a ship; a Dutchman followed by the law; a Swede and a Finn, stranded here on the Pacific shores by Fate. A Russian, probably a fugitive from *katorga*, joined them soon and together they opened a little shop which was of no importance *per se*, but the owners quickly became rich, buying property and erecting stately houses on what are now the leading streets of the town."

In 1921, after a long journey through Central Asia, Dr. Ossendowski found himself in the Ussurian country bordered by the river Amur, the Korean frontier, the Pacific Ocean and the Manchurian boundary. He was not far from the country in which he had once enjoyed the best hunting and fishing that he had ever known. He visited Rasdolnaya, where he had previously met the courageous Kudiakoffs. His object now was neither scientific study nor pleasure. He wanted to find out whether the anti-Bolshevik movement which had started here was a serious thing. He tells us: "I found the usual Russian struggles between parties, intrigues, the threat of civil war, and the clear presage of the inevitable disaster which befell the region a year later." Then he adds, in a spirit which well might summarize his impression of the entire continent:

"This beautiful, rich, appealing Ussurian country full of the charm of mysterious forests; the land of the lordly tiger, of the red wolf, and the panther; the feeding ground of the migratory black Australian swan, of the Indian flamingo, of the Japanese ibis, and of the Chinese crane—this land is to-day being spoiled as a habitation for normal human beings by the wild and lawless bands of Red Partisans, drunk with blood and brandy.

"A true culture, wise and human, ought to enter here and make of these mountains, rivers, lakes, forests and fields a big forge of happiness for society and humanity, in order that the favor of the Creator, who, according to the legend, gave to the Ussuri a full measure of everything possessed by other countries and continents, be not lost."

"THE BEST LIVING WRITER OF PROSE"

WHEN Richard Le Gallienne was asked the other day whom he considered the best living writer of prose, he answered, "George Moore"; and he has told us (in an article in *Vanity Fair*) that, on second thought, he stands by the verdict. His tribute is worth recalling now, when the splendid Carra Edition of the collected "Works of George Moore" is being completed in twenty-one volumes by Boni and Liveright. It deserves to be linked with other notable tributes lately written for American papers—with that, for instance, of James Branch Cabell who confesses (in the *Literary Digest International Book Review*) that he has nowhere found any volumes more engaging than George Moore's, and who goes on to say that Moore, in turning his experiences into print, has created "one of the great characters of English fiction." It should also be read in connection with an appreciation of Moore in the New York *Evening Post* in which Joseph Hergesheimer says: "He invented, really, a new form of literature; and, worlds away from the present manner of writing, he as well led it, in that he first developed, perfected, what for the moment might be called symbolical autobiography."

George Moore is now seventy-two years old, and Ireland, England and France have each had a share in his making. He was born in Ballyglass, County Mayo, Ireland. He studied for awhile in a Catholic school in Ireland and, later, under a tutor in England. His father, it seems, was planning a military career for him, but George dreamed of an artistic life and told his mother that he thought he could educate himself better in a *café* than in a university. He finally broke away from his family and went to Paris.

It was during this period that he thrilled to Baudelaire, read Gautier, Zola and Balzac, met Monet, Degas and Renoir, and wrote the erotic poetry



From a painting by Mark Fisher

HIS VISIT TO AMERICA IS ANNOUNCED
George Moore, who, with Bernard Shaw, for years professed to be terrorized by the thought of facing American interviewers and cameras, has now, it is said, been prevailed upon to come here.

which led one critic to call him "a bestial bard." The entire experience is recorded in his "Confessions of a Young Man," which has been called a callow book, but which registers an ever-recurring mood in the life of artistic youth.

Writing did not come easily to him. He has himself laughingly, and with complete agreement, recalled Oscar Wilde's remark that "Moore had to write for seven years before he knew there was such a thing as grammar, shouting out then his amazing discovery; and then he had to write another seven years before he found that a paragraph was architectural, and again could not conceal his astonishment." "I did not know," Mr. Moore continues, "I simply did not know how to write, and even now, after more than forty years' diligence, I've almost as much

trouble with grammar as with spelling; it's incredible the trouble I have to take, in order to produce even the passable sentences which other men write unthinkingly."

Whatever his difficulties, he was able to handle the English language with increasing mastery. "A Mummer's Wife," a novel which tells what happened to a wife who leaves home and husband to run away with an actor, has been described as the most terrible and faithful record of the human soul ever put into fiction. "Esther Waters" is the love-story of a servant girl told with a realistic power that was reminiscent of Zola rather than of English literary tradition; while "Evelyn Innes" is one of the great novels of our time keyed to a musical theme.

In 1901, on the suggestion of W. B. Yeats and other of his Irish friends, George Moore went to Dublin to take part in the Irish literary revival. He stayed for ten years, and helped to establish a theater. This part of his experience is re-created in the "Hail and Farewell" trilogy, "Ave," "Salve" and "Vale."

Outstanding books of his later period in London, where he still resides, are "Memoirs of My Dead Life," "Avowals," "A Story-Teller's Holiday," "He-

loise and Abelard," and "The Brook Kerith." The last-named scandalized the religious because it was based on a legend that Christ was revived after his crucifixion and spent the remaining years of a normal life among the Essenes in the Wilderness. "Memoirs of My Dead Life," on the other hand, offended Puritanical readers because of its sexual frankness.

The predominantly erotic note that distinguishes the writing of George Moore has been for him a source of both strength and weakness. There is something faun-like and pagan in his nature. He harks back to the time when "art for art's sake" was a ruling slogan. One of the best stories told about him is that which Susan Mitchell narrates in her book, "George Moore," in the "Irishman of Today" series. She says that when Moore was a little boy he ran naked through Stephen's Green, in Dublin, to the great consternation of his nurse, and she goes on to record her conviction that he has been running around that way ever since. Even John Freeman in his sympathetic "Portrait of George Moore" has felt impelled to declare: "Alone of the present generation he indulges himself in the humor of the scandalous, and presents to amused but critical eyes the spectacle of an utterly devoted artist ridden at times by a disreputable, outmoded hag misnamed wit, misnamed freedom."

There is probably, as Samuel C. Chew points out in the *New Republic*, no other living writer of the first rank who elects so unreservedly to be judged as an artist; the two other novelists who by general consent are regarded as his equals or perhaps his superiors—Thomas Hardy and Joseph Conrad—are certainly moralists as well as artists and neither would seek to divorce the moral intent from the æsthetic achievement. Mr. Chew goes on to comment:



THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE MOORES

Moore Hall, in which the future author of "Esther Waters" and "Evelyn Innes" first saw the light, was burned by a rebel army in Ireland a few years ago, and now stands among the many ruins that overlook Lough Carra.

"In Mr. Moore's mind the quest of morality in art appears as unreasonable as it did in the mind of Gautier or of Swinburne. 'We do not seek,' said Swinburne, 'for sermons in sonnets'; nor, Mr. Moore would add, in novels and romances. He is the devoted servant of his art and no

amount of pains is considered lost that is lavished upon his creations. No other living writer, hardly another in the whole range of English literature, has had so sensitive a literary conscience, or has subjected his books to so untiring and continuous a process of revision."

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S POPULARITY EXPLAINED

BOOTH TARKINGTON has long been regarded by one group of American readers as our leading novelist. He commands, as is well known, high prices from the magazines; his novels, apparently, have not suffered from the fact that they have been "serialized" in advance of their publication in book form. He has twice been awarded a Pulitzer prize as the author of the best novel of the year.

What is the secret of his long-standing and continuous success? H. W. Boynton, writing in the *New York Independent*, raises the question in a review of Tarkington's latest novel, "The Midlander" (Doubleday, Page), and goes on to say: "He is not a great writer. He is not a vivid interpreter of the living moment. He has no broad range of theme, and little versatility in treatment. He has a half-dozen characters, who appear and reappear in all his stories of American life. 'Monsieur Beaucaire,' perhaps the most perfect of his tales as a piece of conscious literary art, remains his solitary feat in romance of that kind. All the rest of his work, so far as I know it, follows the lines of 'The Gentleman from Indiana.' It deals, in realistic manner but highly romantic spirit, with the life of the Middle West, or, as Mr. Tarkington prefers to say, the Midlands. Moreover, it deals chiefly with a single period of that life, the period of the nineties, the period of Mr. Tarkington's own youth. He is essentially and incorrigibly a late-Victorian."

This Victorian quality in Booth Tarkington's writing is, according to Mr. Boynton, the answer to the ques-



TARKINGTON CARICATURED BY GENE MARKEY

tion raised. He declares, more specifically:

"The fact which the bright young novelists, the radical propagandists, the sex-screamers, the jazz-maniacs of current fiction totally fail to comprehend is that the world they live in, outside their brightly lighted and noisy playgrounds, is essentially and incorrigibly a Victorian world. What we of the great majority love (and rightly for all I know) is the cheerful courage, the ingenuous faith, the decent coquetry—the every-day romance—of a theoretically despised and discredited nineteenth century. I don't mean that century was more remarkable for virtue than our own; but it surely had pleasanter manners. And popular taste in fiction still prefers to be reminded of those manners, which it admires, rather than of our own, which it would gladly ignore.

"Mr. Tarkington has never succeeded in getting away from the nineties; and a million or two of us, anyhow, are glad of

it. There is something comfortable and 'homey' about opening one of his books, or trailing along with one of his serials. The same thing is true of Leonard Merrick, who, strangely enough, has even now never quite caught the big public. Both of these writers have tried off and on to write about the present. Neither has done anything of any merit that did not in spirit and substance antedate the period of Wells and Bennett—not to speak of the period of D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson."

Proceeding to analyze the half-dozen characters who figure in Booth Tarkington's novels, Mr. Boynton remarks that the habitual heroine is the nice girl of the nineties, the arch, charming, feminine young creature of our boyish dreams. One departure from this type that Tarkington allows himself is Alice Adams, deprived of "advantages" and chances and lacking the dignity essential to her type. Another is shown in "The Flirt" and "Gentle Julia": the late-Victorian charmer minus a heart.

There are two girls in "The Midlander" who are sharply contrasted as extreme variants, rather than as types.

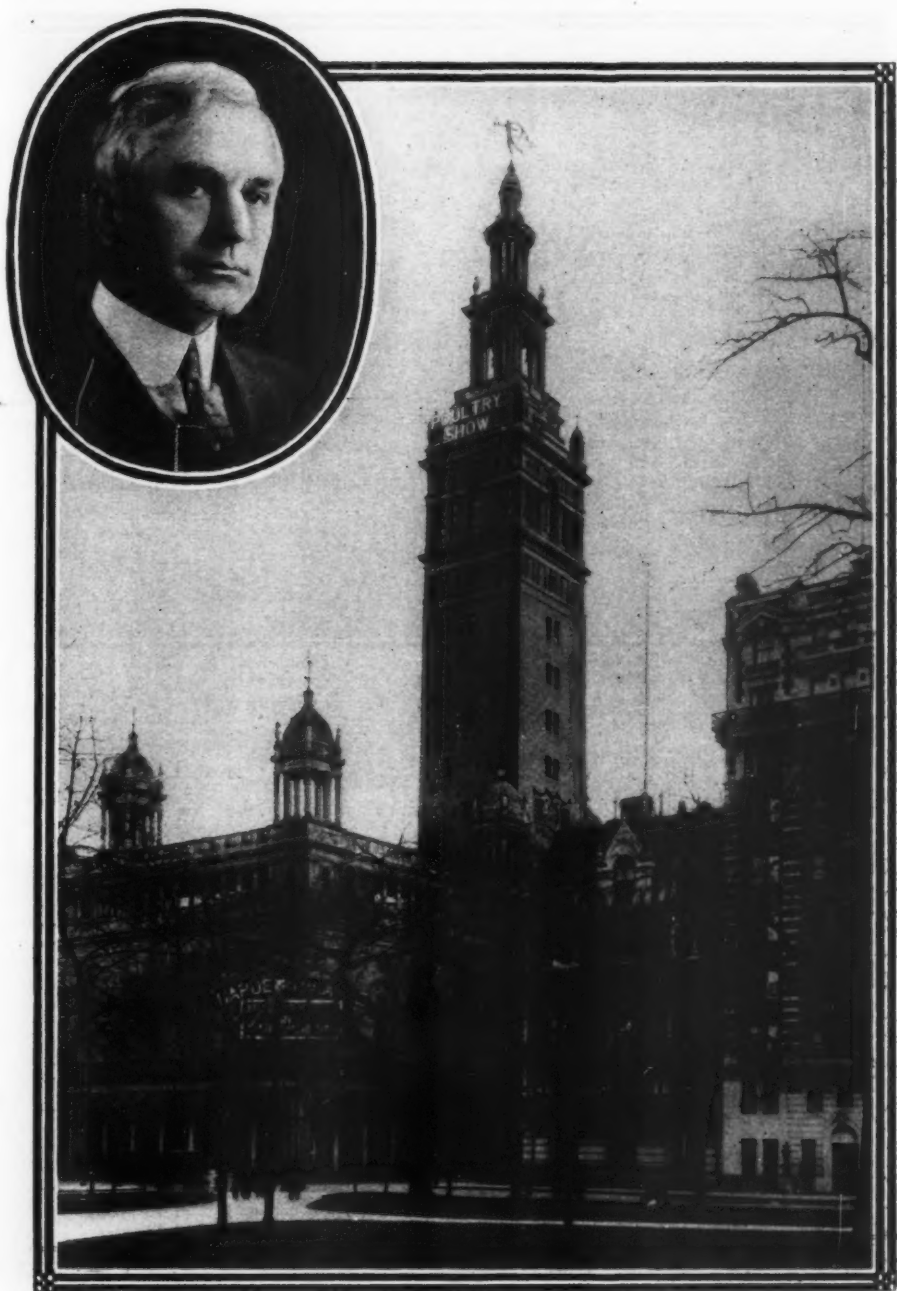
"Martha Shelby is the Victorian nice girl at her best,—the wholesome, graceful, feminine, loving creature so well worthy of (as the quaint saying used to run) an honest man's devotion. Lena McMillan is that same girl at very nearly her worst; a gentle Julia going to pieces, or at least displaying her real self, under the stress of uncongenial marriage. I can't help feeling that the author unduly influences her towards that marriage for his storytelling purposes. He wants to get the New York butterfly, daughter of the snobbish McMillans, out into his raw midland city, and see what will happen. Not that there is much doubt of it. Lena is uncompromisingly drawn from the first. We know there is no chance for well-meaning Dan Oliphant as her husband—no chance of happiness. Our only uncertainty is as to whether she will make him unhappy by leaving him or unhappier by staying with him."

There is another contrast, familiar in Tarkingtonian fiction, between Dan and his brother Harlan. Never were two brothers more unlike in character and

disposition. Dan is the simple-minded, simple-hearted hustler and mixer, ever the chief booster and boomster of his city, ever an apostle of growth and progress. Harlan, on the other hand, is a patrician and a snob who despises America and, above all, Dan's beloved city. This, as Mr. Boynton points out, is an effective contrast of types:

"It represents a cleavage between the aesthetic and the practical which is all too sharp in America. But it hardly rises above the type. That is, the showman hardly succeeds in breathing the life of personality into his two Oliphant brothers. Dan Oliphant, a product of Yale and a member of good society, is simply a little older William Baxter, with William's fumbling mind and blundering tongue. It is almost a Tarkington dialect which is spoken by these pathetic youths of all ages who frequent the pages of the Tarkingtonian novel. Not altogether to their advantage. What is quaint and lovable at seventeen becomes absurd and tiresome at thirty. Dan Oliphant is rather an ass. As private citizen, husband and father, he is a failure because he lacks ordinary self-knowledge and common sense. Only when he is riding his hobby of city-building, expansion, boosting and booming in the name of his gods, does he achieve a sort of dignity. In the end he remains a blunderer with a dream; and we are grateful to death and the author for taking him off our hands. Martha, marrying the fastidious but faithful Harlan at last, has really been lucky."

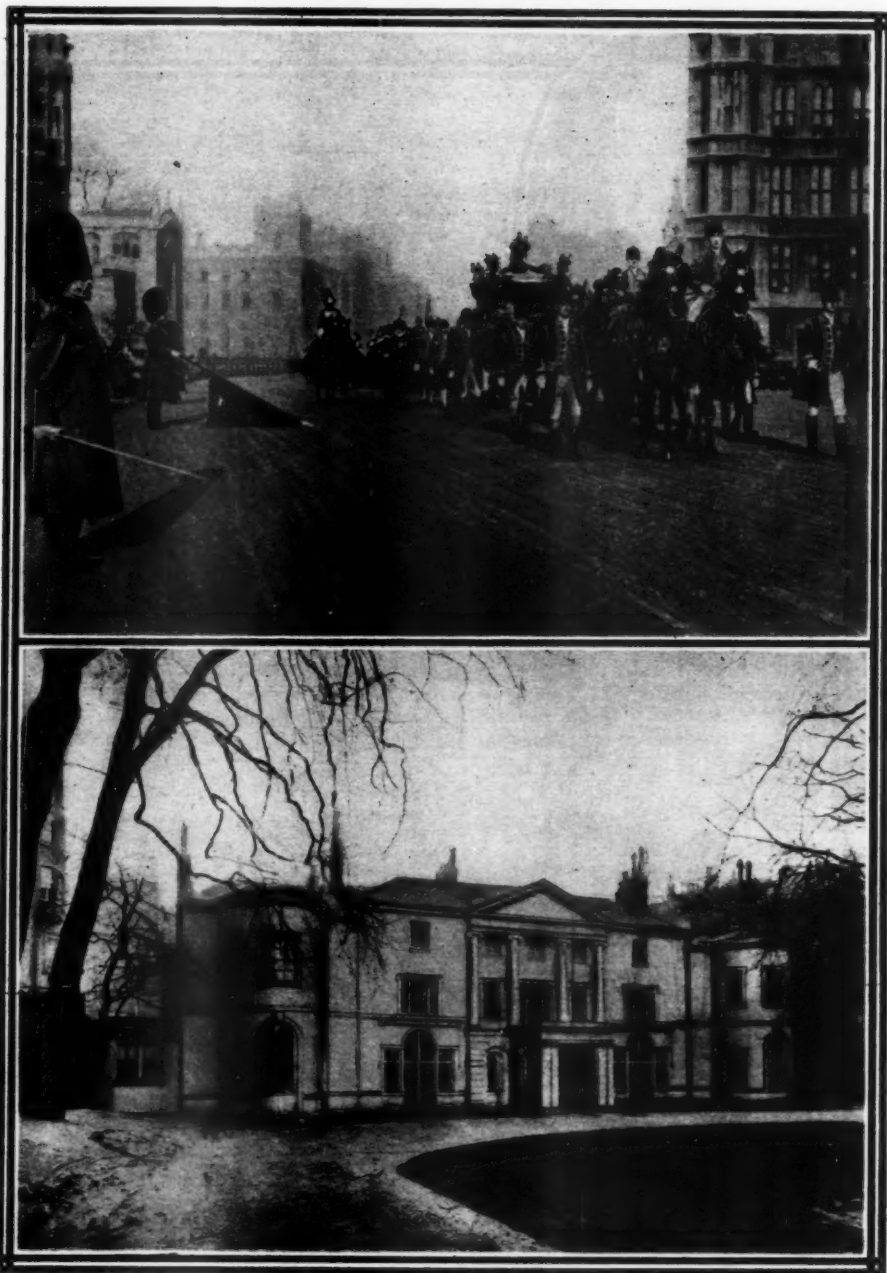
Whatever our degree of response to Mr. Tarkington's narrative and portraiture in "The Midlander," we can hardly, Mr. Boynton concludes, miss his meaning. "This is to present, without attempting to bring in a verdict, the case of materialism versus idealism in America, to hint, perhaps (especially in the closing pages) that it may be a case for settlement out of court. What is beauty? What beauty shall we rightly prefer? The boosting of Dan Oliphant and his kind ruins the beauty and peace of the old city; but on the lands they have developed far from the old city limits a new and perhaps finer beauty already dawns."



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WHERE DEMOCRATIC HISTORY WILL BE MADE IN JUNE

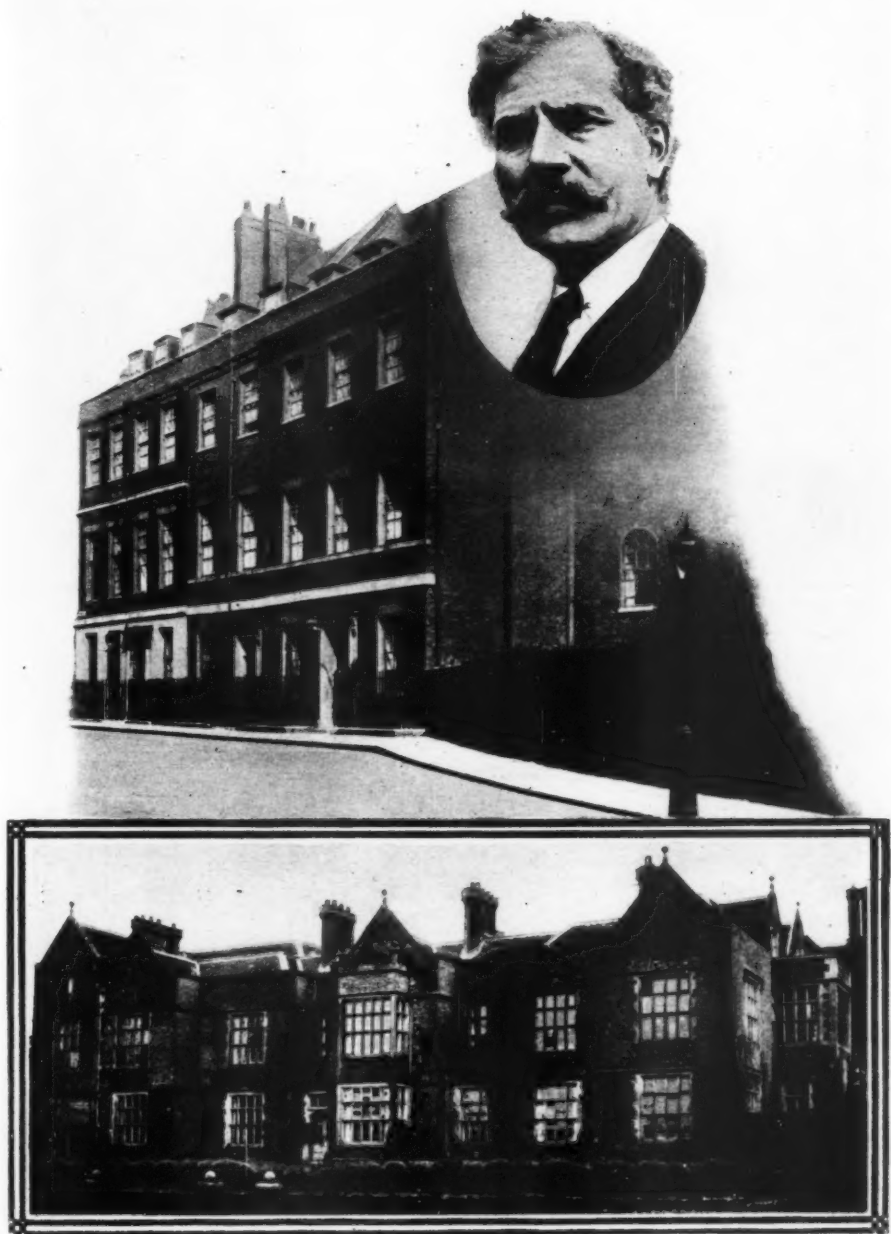
Exterior and interior of Madison Square Garden, New York, in which the Presidential candidates are to be chosen. Cordell Hull (inset), chairman of the Democratic National Committee.



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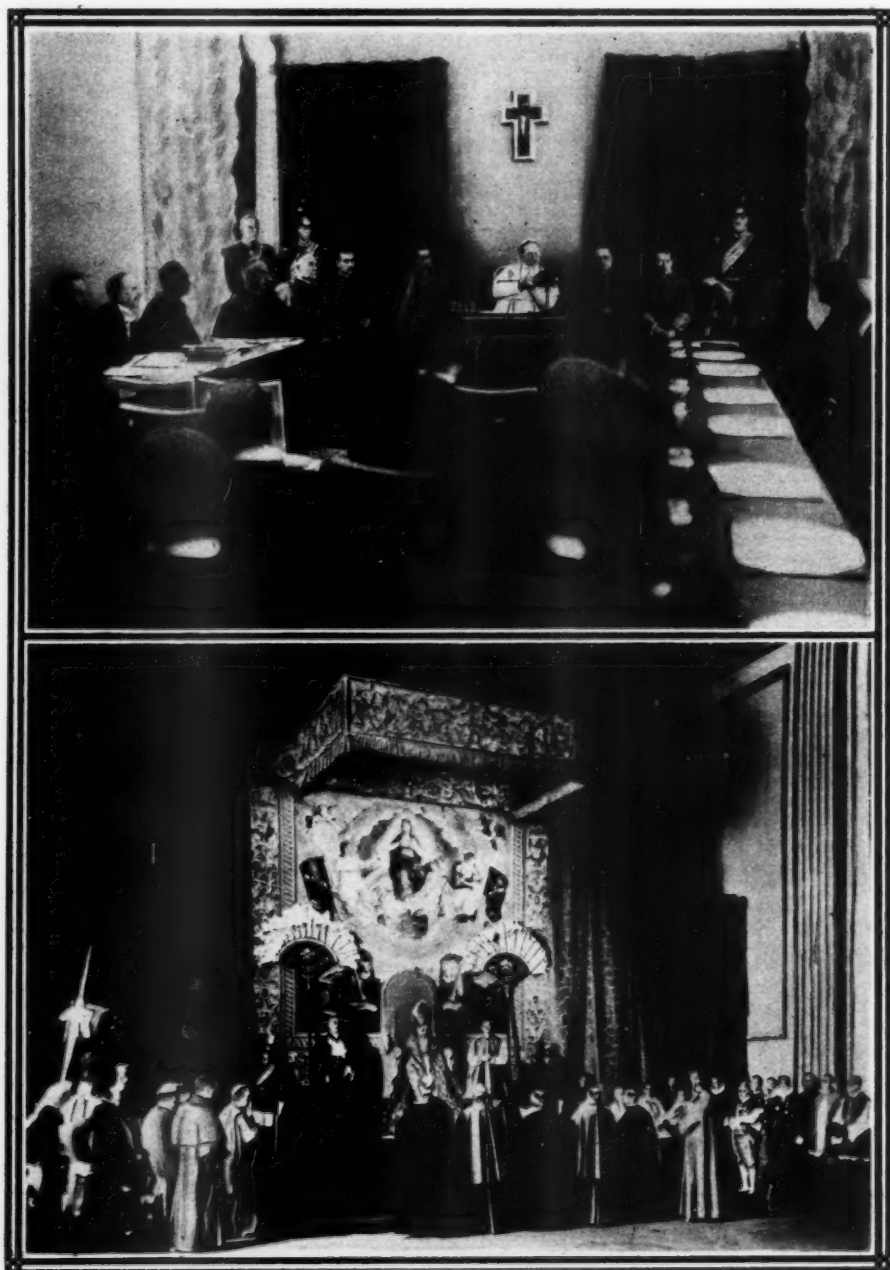
A ROYAL PROGRESS; AND AN AMERICAN EMBASSY IN LONDON

Their English Majesties (above) ride on the traditional way to the opening of Parliament. (Below) Crewe House, in Curzon Street, Mayfair, has been leased by Ambassador Kellogg.



© Kadel & Herbert

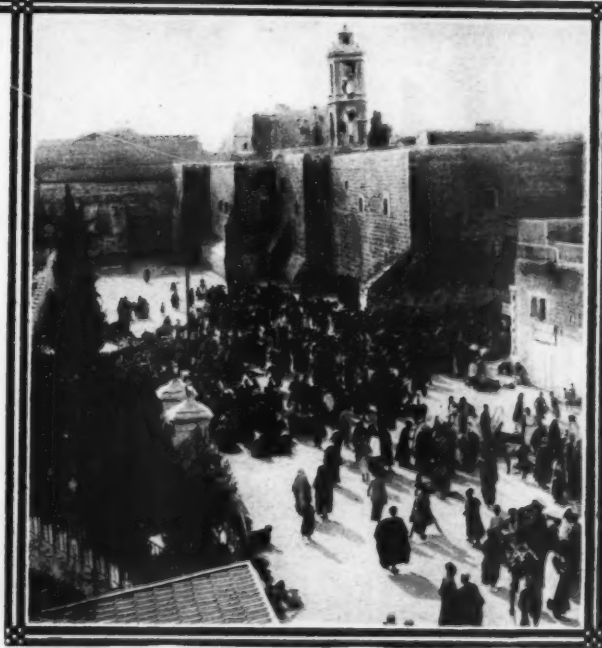
WHERE THE NEW ENGLISH PREMIER HOPES TO LIVE THE YEAR THROUGH
No. 10 Downing Street (above) is Ramsay Macdonald's official London residence; and
Chequers (below) is his country home.



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POPE PIUS XI. IN HIS CABINET AND ON HIS THRONE

His Holiness is shown (above) in executive session with his Cardinal ministers, and (below) inducting two new Princes of the Church in the Vatican Hall of Beatification.



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WHAT A CHANGE HAS COME OVER JERUSALEM AND BETHLEHEM!

Above is shown the Holy City from the railroad station. Below is the Church of the Nativity and the market place of Bethlehem.

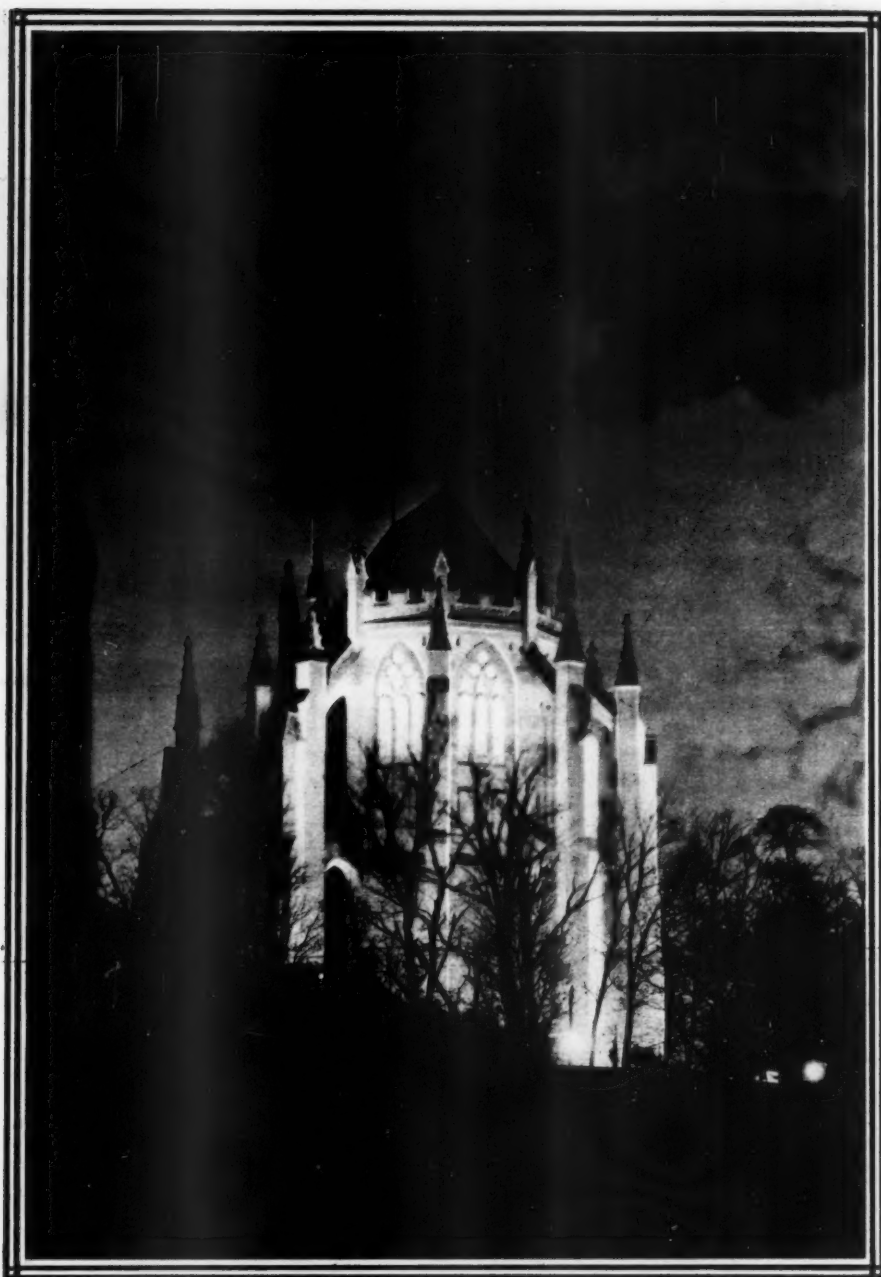


Photo by the National Cathedral Foundation

HOW THE TOMB OF WOODROW WILSON LOOKS AT NIGHT

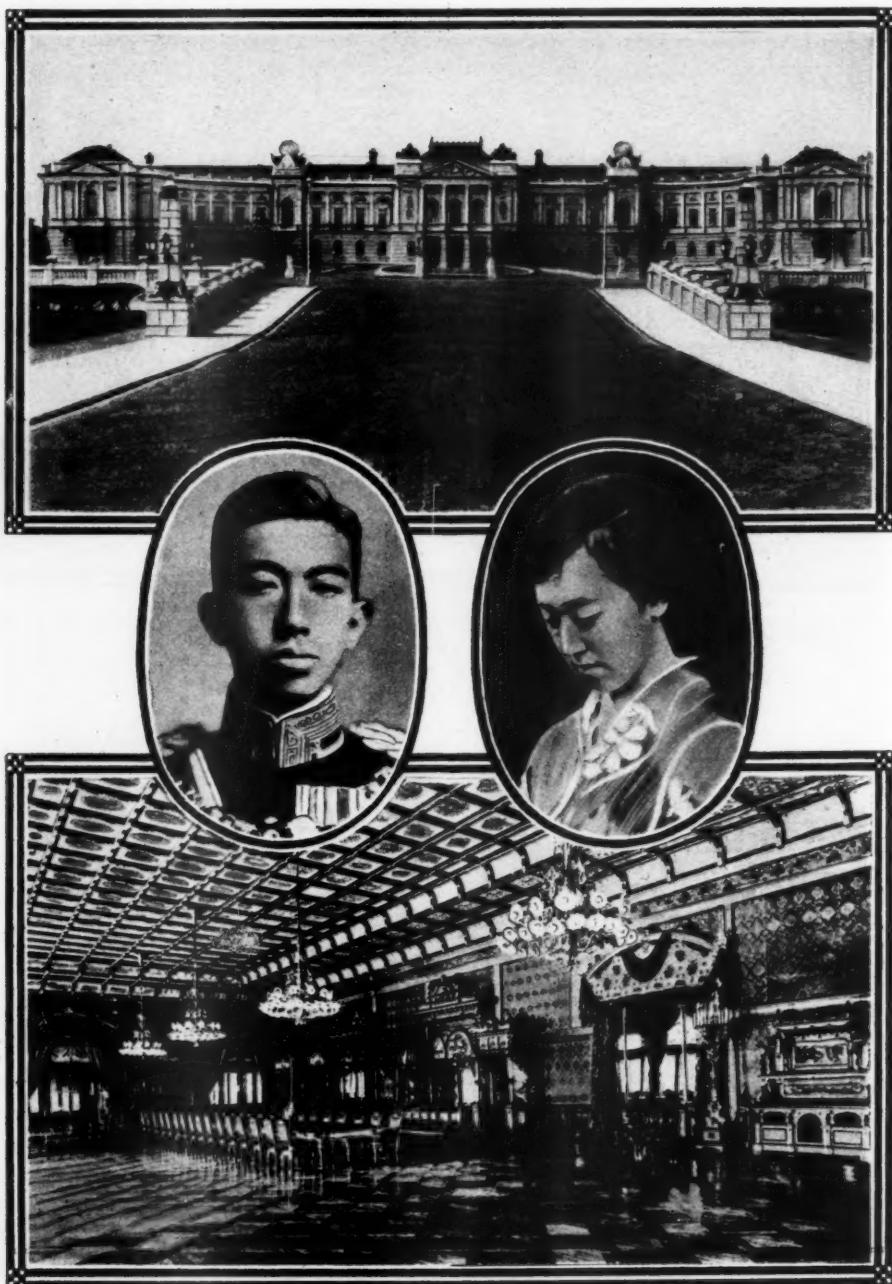
Showing the apse of Washington Cathedral, in the crypt of which the body of the fallen Democratic leader rests in peace.



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LO, THE RICH INDIAN

Osage chieftains of "the richest nation (per capita) on earth" with President Coolidge.
Sergeant I-See-O (below) is the only remaining Indian chief in the U. S. Army.



© International

YES, THIS IS THE HONEYMOON HOME OF THE JAPANESE PRINCE
Modeled after the once royal French residence at Versailles, here dwell and dine, in Tokyo,
Prince Regent Hirohito and his newly-wed Princess Nagako.

THE MEXICAN ART INVASION

WHILE certain militant Americans are discussing the possibility of a forcible invasion of Mexico, where revolution is now raging, a small group of artists from the southern Republic have peacefully penetrated New York City, bringing with them an answer to those who re-



MRS. FISKE A L'ESPAGNOLE

One of the clever sketches of American theatrical personalities made by Miguel Covarrubias for *Vanity Fair*.

gard Mexico as a land of cactus and insurrectos.

Heading this little band of pioneers is José Juan Tablada, poet, statesman and kindly patron, under whose aegis they have succeeded in attracting the attention of art journals and critics. In his own country, and in South America as well, Tablada has a reputation of many years standing. A detailed appreciation of Tablada's contribution to Spanish-American literature was recently featured in the *New York Times Book Review*. According to Thomas Walsh, author of the review, Tablada is the only Mexican man of

letters in this country now writing in English. Two of a series of articles by Tablada on contemporary Mexican art have already appeared in the *International Studio*. The *Arts* (New York) has devoted space to Tablada's work.

Born in 1871 in Mexico City, he has given his whole life to letters, teaching and diplomacy. As a youth, Tablada chose to win a career for himself as a painter, but these plans were soon merged with wider interests and activities. Without giving up any of his literary labors, Tablada found time and energy to serve as Secretary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Mexico under the Diaz régime, and as professor of fine arts and archaeology in the National University. During a year of travel in the Orient, this industrious litterateur became acquainted with Japanese art, on which he is a recognized authority. Many of Tablada's poems are Spanish renderings of the Hokku, that most exacting and attenuated of verse forms. His remarkable interpretation of Hiroshige has been highly praised by Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, also a student of Oriental art. In this connection it may be noted that Tablada was awarded two orders—the Meiji and the Sacred Treasure—by the Imperial Japanese Government for his sympathetic and thorough interpretations of Oriental art.

Modern movements have been sympathetically assimilated by Tablada, as is shown by his futuristic experiments in ideography. "Li-Po," issued from a press in



CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS COVARRUBIAS, THE MEXICAN CARICATURIST, SEES HIM.



A MEXICAN ART-AMBASSADOR

José Juan Tablada, poet, novelist and statesman, is the leader of the group of peaceful Mexican invaders who are now enlivening American culture.

Caracas, Venezuela, in 1920, is an attempt to show the pictorial value of the printed word; the words of the poems are so arranged on the page as to suggest, literally, the meaning of the text. It is a daring and amusing tour de force, worthy of being known by the faithful followers of Marinetti.

But José Tablada is not alone in his enthusiasm. Under his tutelage and inspiration there are three other artists, all barely out of their teens, who are carrying a pacific and welcome propaganda into our cultural centers. Miguel Covarrubias is perhaps the most gifted of the trio. Already he is being hailed as one of our leading caricaturists. The two examples of his style reproduced in connection with this article are taken from a page of theatrical and literary notables recently published in *Vanity Fair*. Work of his is constantly appearing in the newspapers and periodicals; he is also doing sketches for the Theater Guild, which will be extensively broadcasted, and will hold his first exhibition in the Anderson Galleries ear-

ly this spring. Those who have watched the progress of this youth are confident of his future.

Only a few months ago, Alfredo Ximenes arrived in New York City with a bundle of drawings and a dollar of American money. With unbounded enthusiasm he set about finding a market for his decorative studies of Indian life, all treated in the intentionally primitive manner now so much in vogue. It represents a deliberate return to the Aztec principles of design—the only true Mexican art. This art has been lately defined by one of its leading exponents in the following interesting way:

"In Indian art we find seven motifs: the straight line, probably from the horizon or thing hung vertically; the zigzag, or broken line, probably from the lightning; the circle from the sun and moon; the half-circle from the sunrise or the sunset. Also combinations of half-circles in the form of a wavy line, or in the form of an 'S' made by two half-circles, and resembling the line of beauty of the ancients; and the spiral."

Although Ximenes speaks but little English and finds our customs and civilization strange, he remains undaunted. Among the few who are familiar with the traditions he is trying to express, this young artist is believed to be exceptionally talented.

The latest to "invade" the States is Carlos Chavez, a composer as well known in Germany as in his native Mexico. His ballet on an Aztec theme was favorably received a few weeks ago when it was given a private hearing before an important group of American musicians. The director of the Swedish Ballet, whom Chavez met in New York, is now making preparations to produce it next year in Stockholm and Paris. While on the Continent, Chavez was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff. An admirer of the more modern tendencies in music, the composer has none the less produced some charming *études* and *valse*s in the more conservative manner. Many of his

songs have been published in Germany.

That there is a real revival of interest in Mexico's quickening is evidenced by the number of articles on this subject now in the press. Ernest Gruening, giving his impressions of our sister republic in the *Century Magazine*, declares that there are two revolutions going on in Mexico—the second and more important being a spiritual and racial awakening, which, he feels, will endure long after the last rebellion has been quelled.

Describing the remarkable renaissance in the South, Mr. Gruening writes:

"Stimulated by Vasconcelos, the minister of education, there is springing up throughout Mexico a keen and awakened interest in every form of indigenous self-expression, native music, folk dances, the arts, the crafts. The first children's library in Mexico is decorated with a charming series of—Little Red Riding-Hood! For this, as Vasconcelos told me, is universal. In every corner the younger



SOMBRERO AND SERAPE

In this design the national Indian costume is used by Alfredo Ximenes with decorative vigor.



A BEARER OF BURDENS

Illustrating the naïveté with which the gifted Mexican artist Ximenes revives a primitive technique.

painters, some of them little more than boys, are at work, painting—painting with a verve unknown elsewhere—working all of them as craftsmen for day wages, and glorying in their opportunity. Mexico is adopting the American educational methods in so far as they distribute schools quantitatively, and through the American library system make books accessible to all without cost. Vasconcelos has made a promising start with his fifteen-hundred circulating *mule-back* libraries.

"In Mexico City to-day over fifty thousand school children are daily producing works of art adequate description of which is impossible chiefly because it would defy credence. In color, in composition, in rhythm and harmony of line and tone, they display a genius which more graphically than any other single fact reveals the story of Mexico."

Mr. Gruening thinks that the most important help the United States can give Mexico is to leave it alone. He says that Mexico, with her oriental point of view, situated in the midst of western civilization, is working out a solution to her dilemma which will be of world-wide significance.

A FRIEND OF NAPOLEON

A Story in Which Papa Chibou Makes a Very Funny Discovery

By RICHARD CONNELL

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

ALL Paris held no happier man than Papa Chibou. He loved his work—that was why. Other men might say—did say, in fact—that for no amount of money would they take his job; no, not for ten thousand francs for a single night. It would turn their hair white and give them permanent goose flesh, they averred. On such men Papa Chibou smiled with pity. What stomach had such zestless ones for adventure? What did they know of romance? Every night of his life Papa Chibou walked with adventure and held the hand of romance.

Every night he conversed intimately with Napoleon; with Marat and his fellow revolutionists; with Carpentier and Cæsar; with Victor Hugo and Lloyd George; with Foch and with Bigarre, the Apache murderer whose unfortunate penchant for making ladies into curry led him to the guillotine; with Louis XVI. and with Madame Lablanche, who poisoned eleven husbands and was working to make it an even dozen when the police deterred her; with Marie Antoinette and with sundry early Christian martyrs who lived in sweet resignation in electric-lighted catacombs under the sidewalk of the Boulevard des Capucines in the very heart

of Paris. They were all his friends and he had a word and a joke for each of them as, on his nightly rounds, he washed their faces and dusted out their ears, for Papa Chibou was night watchman at the Museum Pratoicy—"The World in Wax. Admission, one franc. Children and soldiers, half price. Nervous ladies enter the Chamber of Horrors at their own risk. One is prayed not to touch the wax figures or to permit dogs to circulate in the establishment."

He had been at the Museum Pratoicy so long that he looked like a wax figure himself. Visitors not infrequently mistook him for one and poked him with inquisitive fingers or canes. He did not undeceive them; he did not budge; Spartanlike he stood stiff under the pokes; he was rather proud of being taken for a citizen of the world of wax, which was, indeed, a much more real world to him than the world of flesh and blood. He had cheeks like the small red wax pippins used in table decorations, round eyes, slightly poppy, and smooth white hair, like a wig. He was a diminutive man and, with his horseshoe mustache of surprising luxuriance, looked like a gnome going to a fancy-dress ball as a small walrus.



"YOU WILL GO TO HELL FOR THIS, MONSIEUR LION, YOU MAY DEPEND UPON IT. MONSIEUR SATAN WILL POACH YOU LIKE AN EGG, I PROMISE YOU."

Children who saw him flitting about the dim passages that led to the catacombs were sure he was a brownie.

His title "Papa" was a purely honorary one, given him because he had worked some twenty-five years at the museum. He was unwed, and slept at the museum in a niche of a room just off the Roman arena where papier-mâché lions and tigers breakfasted on assorted martyrs. At night, as he dusted off the lions and tigers, he rebuked them sternly for their lack of delicacy.

"Ah," he would say, cuffing the ear of the largest lion, which was earnestly trying to devour a grandfather and an infant simultaneously, "sort of a pig that you are! I am ashamed of you, eater of babies. You will go to hell for this, Monsieur Lion, you may depend upon it. Monsieur Satan will poach you like an egg, I promise you. Ah, you bad one, you species of a camel, you Apache, you profiteer—"

THEN Papa Chibou would bend over and very tenderly address the elderly martyr who was lying beneath the lion's paws and exhibiting signs of distress, and say: "Patience, my brave one. It does not take long to be eaten, and then, consider: The good Lord will take you up to heaven, and there, if you wish, you yourself can eat a lion every day. You are a man of holiness, Phillibert. You will be Saint Phillibert, beyond doubt, and then won't you laugh at lions!"

Phillibert was the name Papa Chibou had given to the venerable martyr; he had bestowed names on all of them. Having consoled Phillibert, he would softly dust the fat wax infant whom the lion was in the act of bolting.

"Courage, my poor little Jacob," Papa Chibou would say. "It is not every baby that can be eaten by a lion; and in such a good cause, too. Don't cry, little Jacob. And remember: When you get inside Monsieur Lion, kick and kick and kick! That will give him a great sickness of the stomach. Won't that be fun, little Jacob?"

So he went about his work, chatting with them all, for he was fond of them all, even of Bigarre, the Apache, and the other grisly inmates of the Chamber of Horrors. He did chide the criminals for their regrettable proclivities in the past and warn them that he would tolerate no such conduct in his museum. It was not his museum, of course. Its owner was Monsieur Pratoucy, a long-necked, melan-

choly marabout of a man who sat at the ticket window and took in the francs. But, though the legal title to the place might be vested in Monsieur Pratoucy, at night Papa Chibou was the undisputed monarch of his little wax kingdom. When the last patron had left and the doors were closed, Papa Chibou began to pay calls on his subjects; across the silent halls he called greetings to them:

"Ah, Bigarre, you old rascal, how goes the world? And you, Madame Marie Antoinette, did you enjoy a good day? Good evening, Monsieur Cæsar, aren't you chilly in that costume of yours? Ah, Monsieur Charlemagne, I trust your health continues to be of the best."

His closest friend of them all was Napoleon. The others he liked; to Napoleon he was devoted. It was a friendship cemented by the years, for Napoleon had been in the museum as long as Papa Chibou. Other figures might come and go at the behest of a fickle public, but Napoleon held his place, albeit he had been relegated to a dim corner.

He was not much of a Napoleon. He was smaller even than the original Napoleon, and one of his ears had come in contact with a steam radiator and as a result it was gnarled into a lump the size of a hickory nut; it was a perfect example of that phenomenon of the prize ring, the cauliflower ear. He was supposed to be at St. Helena and he stood on a papier-mâché rock, gazing out wistfully over a non-existent sea. One hand was thrust into the bosom of his long-tailed coat, the other hung at his side. Skin-tight breeches, once white but white no longer, fitted snugly over his plump bump of waxen abdomen. A Napoleonic hat, frayed by years of conscientious brushing by Papa Chibou, was perched above a pensive waxen brow.

PAPA CHIBOU had been attracted to Napoleon from the first. There was something so forlorn about him. Papa Chibou had been forlorn, too, in his first days at the museum. He had come from Bouloire, in the south of France, to seek his fortune as a grower of asparagus in Paris. He was a simple man of scant schooling and he had fancied that there were asparagus beds along the Paris boulevards. There were none. So necessity and chance brought him to the Museum Pratoucy to earn his bread and wine, and romance and his friendship for Napoleon kept him there.

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The first day Papa Chibou worked at the museum Monsieur Pratoicy took him round to tell him about the figures.

"This," said the proprietor, "is Toulon, the strangler. This is Mademoiselle Merle, who shot the Russian duke. This is Charlotte Corday, who stabbed Marat in the bathtub; that gory gentleman is Marat." Then they had come to Napoleon. Monsieur Pratoicy was passing him by.

"And who is this sad-looking gentleman?" asked Papa Chibou.

"Name of a name! Do you not know?"

"But no, monsieur."

"But that is Napoleon himself."

That night, his first in the museum, Papa Chibou went round and said to Napoleon: "Monsieur, I do not know with what crimes you are charged, but I, for one, refuse to think you are guilty of them."

SO began their friendship. Thereafter he dusted Napoleon with especial care and made him his confident. One night in his twenty-fifth year at the museum Papa Chibou said to Napoleon: "You observed those two lovers who were in here to-night, did you not, my good Napoleon? They thought it was too dark in this corner for us to see, didn't they? But we saw him take her hand and whisper to her. Did she blush? You were near enough to see. She is pretty, isn't she, with her bright dark eyes? She is not a French girl; she is an American; one can tell that by the way she doesn't roll her r's. The young man, he is French, and a fine young fellow he is, or I'm no judge. He is so slender and erect, and he has courage, for he wears the war cross; you noticed that, didn't you? He is very much in love, that is sure. This is not the first time I have seen them. They have met here before, and they are wise, for is this not a spot most romantic for the meetings of lovers?"

Papa Chibou flicked a speck of dust from Napoleon's good ear.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it must be a thing most delicious to be young and in love! Were you ever in love, Napoleon? No? Ah, what a pity! I know, for I, too, have had no luck in love. Ladies prefer the big, strong men, don't they? Well, we must help these two young people, Napoleon. We must see that they have the joy we missed. So do not let them know you are watching them if they come here to-

morrow night. I will pretend I do not see."

EACH night after the museum had closed, Papa Chibou gossiped with Napoleon about the progress of the love affair between the American girl with the bright dark eyes and the slender, erect young Frenchman.

"All is not going well," Papa Chibou reported one night, shaking his head. "There are obstacles to their happiness. He has little money, for he is just beginning his career. I heard him tell her so to-night. And she has an aunt who has other plans for her. What a pity if fate should part them! But you know how unfair fate can be, don't you, Napoleon? If we only had some money we might be able to help him, but I, myself, have no money, and I suppose you, too, were poor, since you look so sad. But attend; to-morrow is a day most important for them. He has asked her if she will marry him, and she has said that she will tell him to-morrow night at nine in this very place. I heard them arrange it all. If she does not come it will mean no. I think we shall see two very happy ones here to-morrow night, eh, Napoleon?"

The next night when the last patron had gone and Papa Chibou had locked the outer door, he came to Napoleon, and tears were in his eyes.

"You saw, my friend?" broke out Papa Chibou. "You observed? You saw his face and how pale it grew? You saw his eyes and how they held a thousand agonies? He waited until I had to tell him three times that the museum was closing. I felt like an executioner, I assure you; and he looked at me as only a man condemned can look. He went out with heavy feet; he was no longer erect. For she did not come, Napoleon; that girl with the bright dark eyes did not come. Our little comedy of love has become a tragedy, monsieur. She has refused him, that poor, that unhappy young man."

On the following night at closing time Papa Chibou came hurrying to Napoleon; he was agither with excitement.

"She was here!" he cried. "Did you see her? She was here and she kept watching and watching; but, of course, he did not come. I could tell from his stricken face last night that he had no hope. At last I dared to speak to her. I said to her: 'Mademoiselle, a thousand pardons for the very great liberty I am taking, but it is my

duty to tell you—he was here last night and he waited till closing time. He was all of a paleness, mademoiselle, and he chewed his fingers in his despair. He loves you, mademoiselle; a cow could see that. He is devoted to you; and he is a fine young fellow, you can take an old man's word for it. Do not break his heart, mademoiselle.' She grasped my sleeve. 'You know him, then?' she asked. 'You know where I can find him?' 'Alas, no,' I said. 'I have only seen him here with you.' 'Poor boy!' she kept saying. 'Poor boy! Oh, what shall I do? I am in dire trouble. I love him, monsieur.' 'But you did not come,' I said. 'I could not,' she replied, and she was weeping. 'I live with an aunt; a rich tiger she is, monsieur,

and she wants me to marry a count, a fat, leering fellow who smells of attar of roses and garlic. My aunt locked me in my room. And now I have lost the one I love, for he will think I have refused him, and he is so proud he will never ask me again.' 'But surely you could let him know?' I suggested. 'But I do not know where he lives,' she said. 'And in a few days my aunt is taking me off to Rome, where the count is, and oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear—' And she wept on my shoulder, Napoleon, that poor little American girl with the bright dark eyes."

Papa Chibou began to brush the Napoleonic hat.

"I tried to comfort her," he said. "I told her that the young man would surely find her, that he would come back and haunt the spot where they had been happy, but I was telling her what I did not believe. 'He may come to-night,' I



"'POOR BOY!' SHE KEPT SAYING, 'POOR BOY! OH, WHAT SHALL I DO?'"

said, 'or to-morrow.' She waited until it was time to close the museum. You saw her face as she left, did it not touch you in the heart?"

PAPA CHIBOU was downcast when he approached Napoleon the next night.

"She waited again till closing time," he said, "but he did not come. It made me suffer to see her as the hours went by and her hope ebbed away. At last she had to leave, and at the door she said to me, 'If you see him here again, please give him this.' She handed me this card, Napoleon. See, it says, 'I am at the Villa Rosina, Rome. I love you. Nina.' Ah, the poor, poor young man. We must keep a sharp watch for him, you and I."

Papa Chibou and Napoleon did watch at the Museum Pratoucy night after night. One, two, three, four, five nights they watched for him. A week, a month, more

months passed and he did not come. There came instead one day news of so terrible a nature that it left Papa Chibou ill and trembling. The Museum Pratoucy was going to have to close its doors.

"It is no use," said Monsieur Pratoucy, when he dealt this blow to Papa Chibou. "I cannot go on. Already I owe much, and my creditors are clamoring. People will no longer pay a franc to see a few old dummies when they can see an army of red Indians, Arabs, brigands and dukes in the moving pictures. Monday the Museum Pratoucy closes its doors forever."

"**B**UT, Monsieur Pratoucy," exclaimed Papa Chibou, aghast, "what about the people here? What will become of Marie Antoinette, and the martyrs and Napoleon?"

"Oh," said the proprietor, "I'll be able to realize a little on them, perhaps. On Tuesday they will be sold at auction. Someone may buy them to melt up."

"To melt up, monsieur?" Papa Chibou faltered.

"But certainly. What else are they good for?"

"But surely monsieur will want to keep them; a few of them anyhow?"

"Keep them? Aunt of the devil, but that is a droll idea! Why should anyone want to keep shabby old wax dummies?"

"I thought," murmured Papa Chibou, "that you might keep just one—Napoleon, for example—as a remembrance—"

"Uncle of Satan, but you have odd notions! To keep a souvenir of one's bankruptcy!"

Papa Chibou went away to his little hole in the wall. He sat on his cot and fingered his mustache for an hour; the news had left him dizzy, had made a cold vacuum under his belt buckle. From under his cot, at last, he took a wooden box, unlocked three separate locks and extracted a sock. From the sock he took his fortune, his hoard of big copper ten-centime pieces, tips he had saved for years. He counted them over five times most carefully; but no matter how he counted them he could not make the total come to more than two hundred and twenty-one francs.

That night he did not tell Napoleon the news. He did not tell any of them. Indeed, he acted even more cheerful than usual as he went from one figure to another. He complimented Madame Lablanche, the lady of the poisoned spouses, on how well she was looking. He even

had a kindly word to say to the lion that was eating the two martyrs.

"After all, Monsieur Lion," he said, "I suppose it is as proper for you to eat martyrs as it is for me to eat bananas. Probably bananas do not enjoy being eaten any more than martyrs do. In the past I have said harsh things to you, Monsieur Lion; I am sorry I said them, now. After all, it is hardly your fault that you eat people. You were born with an appetite for martyrs, just as I was born poor." And he gently tweaked the lion's papier-mâché ear.

When he came to Napoleon, Papa Chibou brushed him with unusual care and thoroughness. With a moistened cloth he polished the imperial nose, and he took pains to be gentle with the cauliflower ear. He told Napoleon the latest joke he had heard at the cabmen's café where he had his breakfast of onion soup, and, as the joke was mildly improper, nudged Napoleon in the ribs and winked at him.

"We are men of the world, eh, old friend?" said Papa Chibou. "We are philosophers, is that not so?" Then he added: "We take what life sends us, and sometimes it sends hardships."

HE wanted to talk more with Napoleon, but somehow he couldn't; abruptly, in the midst of a joke, Papa Chibou broke off and hurried down into the depths of the Chamber of Horrors and stood there for a very long time staring at an unfortunate native of Siam being trodden on by an elephant.

It was not until the morning of the auction sale that Papa Chibou told Napoleon. Then, while the crowd was gathering, he slipped up to Napoleon in his corner and laid his hand on Napoleon's arm.

"One of the hardships of life has come to us, old friend," he said. "They are going to try to take you away. But, courage! Papa Chibou does not desert his friends. Listen!" And Papa Chibou patted his pocket, which gave forth a jingling sound.

The bidding began. Close to the auctioneer's desk stood a man, a wizened rodent-eyed man with a diamond ring and dirty fingers. Papa Chibou's heart went down like an express elevator when he saw him, for he knew that the rodent-eyed man was Mogen, the junk king of Paris. The auctioneer, in a voice slightly encumbered by adenoids, began to sell the various items in a hurried, perfunctory manner.

"Item 3 is Julius Cæsar, toga and sandals thrown in. How much am I offered? One hundred and fifty francs? Dirt cheap for a Roman emperor, that is. Who'll make it two hundred? Thank you, Monsieur Mogen. The noblest Roman of them all is going at two hundred francs. Are you all through at two hundred? Going, going, gone! Julius Cæsar is sold to Monsieur Mogen."

Papa Chibou patted Cæsar's back sympathetically.

"You are worth more, my good Julius," he said in a whisper. "Good-by."

He was encouraged. If a comparatively new Cæsar brought only two hundred, surely an old Napoleon would bring no more.

THE sale progressed rapidly. Monsieur Mogen bought the entire Chamber of Horrors. He bought Marie Antoinette, and the martyrs and lions. Papa Chibou, standing near Napoleon, withstood the strain of waiting by chewing his moustache.

The sale was very nearly over and Monsieur Mogen had bought every item, when, with a yawn, the auctioneer droned: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to Item 573, a collection of odds and ends, mostly damaged goods, to be sold in one lot. The lot includes one stuffed owl that seems to have molted a bit; one Spanish shawl, torn; the head of an Apache who has been guillotined, body missing; a small wax camel, no humps; and an old wax figure of Napoleon, with one ear damaged. What am I offered for the lot?"

Papa Chibou's heart stood still. He laid a reassuring hand on Napoleon's shoulder.

"The fool," he whispered in Napoleon's good ear, "to put you in the same class as a camel, no humps, and an owl. But never mind. It is lucky for us, perhaps."

"How much for this assortment?" asked the auctioneer.

"One hundred francs," said Mogen, the junk king.

"One hundred and fifty," said Papa Chibou, trying to be calm. He had never spent so vast a sum all at once in his life.

Mogen fingered the material in Napoleon's coat.

"Two hundred," said the junk king.

"Are you all through at two hundred?" queried the auctioneer.

"Two hundred and twenty-one," called Papa Chibou. His voice was a husky squeak.

Mogen from his rodent eyes glared at Papa Chibou with annoyance and contempt. He raised his dirtiest finger—the one with the diamond ring on it—toward the auctioneer.

"Monsieur Mogen bids two hundred and twenty-five," droned the auctioneer. "Do I hear two hundred and fifty?"

Papa Chibou hated the world. The auctioneer cast a look in his direction.

"Two hundred and twenty-five is bid," he repeated. "Are you all through at two hundred and twenty-five? Going, going—sold to Monsieur Mogen for two hundred and twenty-five francs."

STUNNED, Papa Chibou heard Mogen say casually, "I'll send round my carts for this stuff in the morning."

This stuff.

Dully and with an aching breast Papa Chibou went to his room down by the Roman arena. He packed his few clothes into a box. Last of all he slowly took from his cap the brass badge he had worn for so many years: it bore the words "Chief Watchman." He had been proud of that title, even if it was slightly inaccurate; he had been not only the chief but the only watchman. Now he was nothing. It was hours before he summoned up the energy to take his box round to the room he had rented high up under the roof of a tenement in a near-by alley. He knew he should start to look for another job at once, but he could not force himself to do so that day. Instead, he stole back to the deserted museum and sat down on a bench by the side of Napoleon. Silently he sat there all night; but he did not sleep; he was thinking, and the thought that kept pecking at his brain was to him a shocking one. At last, as day began to edge its pale way through the dusty windows of the museum, Papa Chibou stood up with the air of a man who has been through a mental struggle and has made up his mind.

"Napoleon," he said, "we have been friends for a quarter of a century and now we are to be separated because a stranger had four francs more than I had. That may be lawful, my old friend, but it is not justice. You and I, we are not going to be parted."

Paris was not yet awake when Papa Chibou stole with infinite caution into the narrow street beside the museum. Along this street toward the tenement where he

had taken a room crept Papa Chibou. Sometimes he had to pause for breath, for in his arms he was carrying Napoleon.

Two policemen came to arrest Papa Chibou that very afternoon. Mogen had missed Napoleon, and he was a shrewd man. There was not the slightest doubt of Papa Chibou's guilt. There stood Napoleon in the corner of his room, gazing pensively out over the housetops. The police bundled the overwhelmed and confused Papa Chibou into the police patrol, and with him, as damning evidence, Napoleon.

IN his cell in the city prison Papa Chibou sat with his spirit caved in. To him jails and judges and justice were terrible and mysterious affairs. He wondered if he was to be guillotined; perhaps not, since his long life had been one of blameless conduct; but the least he could expect, he reasoned, was a long sentence to hard labor on Devil's Island, and guillotining had certain advantages over that. Perhaps it would be better to be guillotined, he told himself, now that Napoleon was sure to be melted up.

The keeper who brought him his meal of stew was a pessimist of jocular tendencies.

"A pretty pickle," said the keeper; "and at your age, too. You must be a very wicked old man to go about stealing dummies. What will be safe now? One may expect to find the Eiffel Tower missing any morning. Dummy stealing! What a career! We have had a man in here who stole a trolley car, and one who made off with the anchor of a steamship, and even one who pilfered a hippopotamus from a zoo, but never one who stole a dummy—and an old one-eared dummy, at that! It is an affair extraordinary!"

"And what did they do to the gentleman who stole the hippopotamus?" inquired Papa Chibou tremulously.

The keeper scratched his head to indicate thought.

"I think," he said, "that they boiled him alive. Either that or they transported him for life to Morocco. I don't recall exactly."

Papa Chibou's brow grew damp.

"It was a trial most comical, I can assure you," went on the keeper. "The judges were Messieurs Bertouf, Goblin and Perouse—very amusing fellows, all three of them. They had fun with the prisoner; how I laughed. Judge Bertouf said, in sentencing him, 'We must be severe with you, pilferer of hippopotamuses. We must make of you an example. This business of hippopotamus pilfering is getting all too common in Paris.' They are witty fellows, those judges."

Papa Chibou grew a shade paler.

"The terrible Trio?" he asked.

"The terrible Trio," replied the keeper cheefully.

"Will they be my judges?" asked Papa Chibou.

"Most assuredly," promised the keeper and strolled away humming happily and rattling his big keys.



ONE OF HIS EARS HAD COME IN CONTACT WITH A STEAM RADIATOR AND AS A RESULT IT WAS GNARLED INTO A LUMP

PAPA CHIBOU knew then that there was no hope for him. Even into the Museum Pratoency the reputation of those three judges had penetrated, and it was a sinister reputation indeed. They were three ancient, grim men who had fairly earned their title, The Terrible Trio, by the severity of their sentences; evildoers blanched at their names, and this was a matter of pride to them.

Shortly the keeper came back; he was grinning.

"You have the devil's own luck, old-timer," he said to Papa Chibou. "First you have to be tried by The Terrible Trio, and then you get assigned to you as lawyer none other than Monsieur Georges Dufayel."

"And this Monsieur Dufayel, is he then not a good lawyer?" questioned Papa Chibou miserably.

The keeper snickered.

"He has not won a case for months," he answered, as if it were the most amusing thing imaginable. "It is really better than a circus to hear him muddling up his clients' affairs in court. His mind is not on the case at all. Heaven knows where it is. When he rises to plead before the judges he has no fire, no passion. He mumbles and stutters. It is a saying

about the courts that one is as good as convicted who has the ill luck to draw Monsieur Georges Dufayel as his advocate. Still, if one is too poor to pay for a lawyer, one must take what he can get. That's philosophy, eh, old-timer?"

Papa Chibou groaned.

"Oh, wait till to-morrow," said the keeper gayly. "Then you'll have a real reason to groan."

"But surely I can see this Monsieur Dufayel."

"Oh, what's the use? You stole the dummy, didn't you? It will be there in court to appear against you. How entertaining! Witness for the prosecution: Monsieur Napoleon. You are plainly as guilty as Cain, old-timer, and the judges will boil your cabbage for you very quickly and neatly, I can promise you that. Well, see you to-morrow. Sleep well."

PAPA CHIBOU did not sleep well. He did not sleep at all, in fact, and when they marched him into the inclosure where sat the other nondescript offenders against the law he was shaken and utterly wretched. He was overawed by the great court room and the thick atmosphere of seriousness that hung over it.

He did pluck up enough courage to ask a guard, "Where is my lawyer, Monsieur Dufayel?"

"Oh, he's late, as usual," replied the guard. And then, for he was a waggish fellow, he added, "If you're lucky he won't come at all."

Papa Chibou sank down on the prisoners' bench and raised his eyes to the tribunal opposite. His very marrow was chilled by the sight of The Terrible Trio. The chief judge, Bertouf, was a vast puff of a man, who swelled out of his judicial chair like a poisonous fungus. His black robe was familiar with spilled brandy, and his dirty judician bib was askew. His face was bibulous and brutal, and he had the wattles of a turkey gobbler. Judge Goblin, on his right, looked to have mummified; he was at least a hundred years old and had wrinkled parchment skin and red-rimmed eyes that glittered like the eyes of a cobra. Judge Perouse was one vast jungle of tangled grizzled whisker, from the midst of which projected a cockatoo's beak of a nose; he looked at Papa Chibou and licked his lips with a long pink tongue. Papa Chibou all but fainted; he felt no bigger than a pea,

and less important; as for his judges, they seemed enormous monsters.

THE first case was called, a young swagging fellow who had stolen an orange from a pushcart.

"Ah, Monsieur Thief," rumbled Judge Bertouf with a scowl, "you are jaunty now. Will you be so jaunty a year from to-day when you are released from prison? I rather think not. Next case."

Papa Chibou's heart pumped with difficulty. A year for an orange—and he had stolen a man! His eyes roved round the room and he saw two guards carrying in something which they stood before the judges. It was Napoleon.

A guard tapped Papa Chibou on the shoulder. "You're next," he said.

"But my lawyer, Monsieur Dufayel—" began Papa Chibou.

"You're in hard luck," said the guard, "for here he comes."

Papa Chibou in a daze found himself in the prisoner's dock. He saw coming toward him a pale young man. Papa Chibou recognized him at once. It was the slender, erect young man of the museum. He was not very erect now; he was listless. He did not recognize Papa Chibou; he barely glanced at him.

"You stole something," said the young lawyer, and his voice was toneless. "The stolen goods were found in your room. I think we might better plead guilty and get it over with."

"Yes, monsieur," said Papa Chibou, for he had let go all his hold on hope. "But attend a moment. I have something—a message for you."

Papa Chibou fumbled through his pockets and at last found the card of the American girl with the bright dark eyes. He handed it to George Dufayel.

"She left it with me to give to you," said Papa Chibou. "I was chief watchman at the Museum Pratoucy, you know. She came there night after night, to wait for you."

The young man gripped the sides of the card with both hands; his face, his eyes, everything about him seemed suddenly charged with new life.

"Ten thousand million devils!" he cried. "And I doubted her! I owe you much, monsieur. I owe you everything." He wrung Papa Chibou's hand.

Judge Bertouf gave an impatient judicial grunt.

(Continued on page 376)

"SAINT JOAN"

A Drama of Human Disillusionment

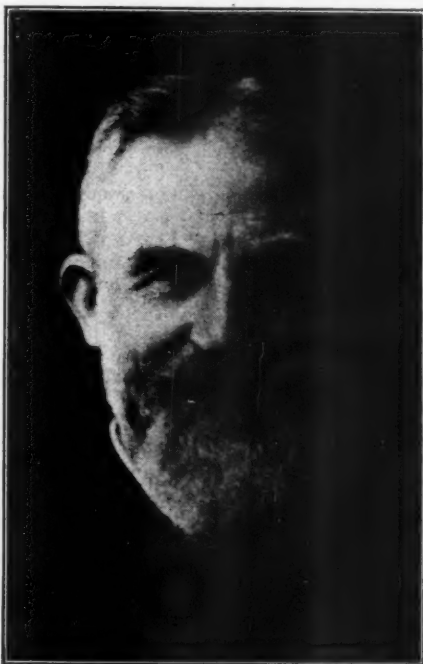
By BERNARD SHAW

ANALYZING the new Shaw play, "Saint Joan"—the latest production of the Theatre Guild in New York—the Italian dramatist Luigi Pirandello assures us, in the *New York Times*, that, "had an act as powerful as the fourth act in this play been produced on any one of the numerous Italian stages, all the people present would have jumped to their feet, even before the curtain fell, to start a frenzied applause that would have called the actors, and possibly the author, to the footlights, not once, but many times, to receive the gratitude of the audience for the anguish it had suffered, and its joy for having witnessed such a triumph of art. . . . As an Italian, I could not think it fair that an author should not be applauded when he makes us laugh [as Shaw does not infrequently in the first three acts of 'Saint Joan'], and rewarded with silence when he brings tears to our eyes. Perhaps the reason is that it is harder to make an Italian laugh than it is to make him weep. At any rate, I have a strong impression that for some time George

Bernard Shaw has been growing more and more serious. He has always believed in himself, and with good reason. But in a number of plays, after his first successes, he did not seem to believe very much in what he was doing. . . . Now, however, he seems to be believing less in himself, and more in what he is doing. From the epilogue of this drama on Joan of Arc we may gather almost explicitly the reason for which Shaw wrote it. This world, he seems to say, is not made for saints to live in. We must take the people who live in it

for what they are, since it is not vouchsafed them to be anything else."

John Corbin, of the *Times*, retains the final and permanent impression that the character of the Maid of Orleans has been presented by Shaw with "an unprecedented simplicity and directness, yet with a profundity of moral and psychologic insight likewise unprecedented." Nevertheless, "Shaw has made of the play a receptacle besides—a sort of glorified ragbag—for everything that happened to be on his mind. In so doing he shows himself far more



HIS LATEST PLAY IS DECLARED TO BE HIS BEST; BUT IS IT?

Bernard Shaw is described by his Italian contemporary, Luigi Pirandello, as taking himself less seriously and his work more seriously than is usual with him, in writing "Saint Joan."

subject to dementia than his Joan—of whose ailment he seems thoroughly aware, as also of its relation to sainthood in general."

Admonishing the dramatist for bringing a curtain down on "that most trumpery of theatrical stencils, 'I wonder!'" and for having written "an epilogue which is shockingly and painfully unnecessary," and characterizing several portions of the play as "tedious" and some of it "cheap," Heywood Brown, of the *World*, pronounces it to be "the finest play written in the English language in our day."

The worst fault that Stephen Rathbun, of the *Sun and Globe*, thinks can be found with the play is that "it drags badly in spots," yet "it is a noble play, in which the Shavian treatment of historical drama is unique. It should interest even theatergoers who will not give their unqualified approval." To Percy Hammond, a graduate from the Chicago to the New York *Tribune*, the play "seems just another example of Mr. Shaw's gift for interminable rag-chewing, and it is over, so far as entertainment is concerned, long before the final curtain falls."

As presented for the first time on any stage, the initial scene discloses, at the Garrick, the Castle of Vaucouleurs, on February 23, 1429, present being the Maid Joan (Winifred Lenihan), Captain Robert de Beaudricourt (Ernest Cossart), the young squire—lord of the stronghold; and its Steward (William M. Griffith). Joan is an able-bodied country girl of 17 or 18, who, it appears, has long sought an audience with this provincial dignitary. She enters the turret doorway:

JOAN. (*Bobbing a curtsy.*) Good morning, Captain squire. Captain, I bring you orders from my Lord. You are to give me a horse and armor and some soldiers, and send me to the Dauphin.

ROBERT. Orders from your lord! And who the devil may your lord be! Go back to him, and tell him that I am neither duke nor peer at his orders. I am squire of Beaudricourt, and I take no orders except from the King.

JOAN. (*Reassuringly.*) Yes, squire, that is all right. My Lord is the King of Heaven.

ROBERT. Why, the girl's mad. (*To the steward.*) Why didn't you tell me so, you blockhead?

STEWARD. Sir, do not anger her; give her what she wants.

JOAN. (*Impatient, but friendly.*) They all say I am mad until I talk to them, squire. But you see that it is the will of God that you are to do what He has put into my mind.

ROBERT. It is the will of God that I shall send you back to your father with orders to put you under lock and key and thrash the madness out of you. What have you to say to that?

JOAN. You think you will, squire; but you will find it all quite different. You said you would not see me; but here I am.

STEWARD. (*Appealing.*) Yes, sir. You see, sir.

ROBERT. Hold your tongue, you.

STEWARD. (*Abjectly.*) Yes, sir.

ROBERT. (*To Joan, with a sour loss of confidence.*) So you are presuming on my seeing you, are you?

JOAN. (*Sweetly.*) Yes, squire.

ROBERT. (*Feeling that he has lost ground, somehow, brings down his two fists squarely on the table, and inflates his chest imposingly to cure the unpleasant sensation.*) Now listen to me. I am going to assert myself.

JOAN. Please do, squire. A horse for me will cost sixteen francs. It is a good deal of money; but I can save it on the armor. I can find a soldier's armor that will fit me well enough. I am very hardy; and I do not need beautiful armor made to my measure, like you wear. I shall not want many soldiers; the Dauphin will give me all I need to raise the siege of Orleans.

ROBERT. (*Flabbergasted.*) To raise the siege of Orleans!

JOAN. (*Simply.*) Yes, squire; that is what God is sending me to do. Three men will be enough for you to send with me, if they are good men and gentle to me. They have promised to come with me. Polly and Jack and—

ROBERT. (*Outraged.*) Polly! You impudent baggage, do you dare call squire Bertrand de Poulengey Polly to my face?

JOAN. His friends call him so, squire. I did not know he had any other name. Jack—that is Monsieur John of Metz—will come willingly. He is a very kind

gentleman, and has given me money to give to the poor. I think John Godsave will come, and Dick the Archer, and their servants, John of Horscourt and Julian. There will be no trouble for you, squire. I have arranged it all; you have only to give the order.

She eventually gains his confidence, after a deal of talk; and in the second act, transpiring in the antechamber and throne room at Chinon, March 8, 1429, there occurs a meeting between Joan and the Dauphin of France, later to be King Charles VII. He is depicted as a sort of simpleton, yet not such a fool as might appear—the tag-end of a fading royal race. He is frankly tired of his "royal" job, wants Joan to mind her own business, and so on.

JOAN. I tell thee it is God's business we are here to do, not our own. I have a message to thee from God; and thou must listen to it, though thy heart break with the terror of it.

CHARLES. I don't want a message; but can you tell me any secrets? Can you do any cures? Can you turn lead into gold, or anything of that sort?

JOAN. I can turn thee into a king, in Rheims Cathedral; and that is a miracle that will take some doing, it seems.

Scene follows scene, full of apt, revelatory dialogue between historic characters successively introduced. Eventually, in the third act, showing the English Earl of Warwick's camp, the Earl (A. H. Van Buren) is heard in converse with Cauchon, the French Catholic Bishop of Beauvais, concerning Joan and the military situation:

CAUCHON. My lord, we shall not defeat the Maid if we strive against one another. I know well that there is a Will to Power in the world. I know that while it lasts there will be a struggle between the Emperor and the Pope, between the dukes. I can only tell you that it is essentially anti-Catholic and the political cardinals, between the barons and the kings. The devil divides us and governs. I see you are no friend to the Church; you are an earl first and last, as I am a churchman first and last. But can we not sink our differences in the face of a common

enemy? I see now that what is in your mind is not that this girl has never once mentioned the Church, and thinks only of God and herself, but that she has never once mentioned the peerage, and thinks only of the king and herself.

WARWICK. Quite so. These two ideas of hers are the same idea at bottom. They go deep, my lord. They are the protest of the individual soul against the interference of priest or peer between the private man and his God. I should call it Protestantism, if I had to find a name for it.

CAUCHON. (*Looking hard at him.*) You understand it wonderfully well, my lord. Scratch an Englishman, and find a Protestant.

The second scene of this act is laid in the ambulatory of the cathedral of Rheims. Present are Joan, Gilles de Rais, known as Bluebeard (Walton Butterfield), and the Archbishop of Rheims (Albert Bruning). Dunois Bastard of Orleans (Maurice Colbourne) has declared to those assembled that "the hour of miracles (following the lifting of the siege of Orleans) is over, and that from this time on he who plays the war game best will win—if luck is on his side.

JOAN. (*Triumphantly.*) Ah! if, if, if, if! If "ifs" and "ans" were pots and pans there'd be not need of tinkers. I tell you, Bastard, your art of war is no use, because your knights are no good for real fighting. War is only a game to them; it's just like tennis and all their other games. They make rules as to what is fair and what is not fair, and heap armor on themselves and on their poor horses to keep out the arrows; and when they fall they can't get up, and have to wait for their squires to come and lift them to arrange about the ransom with the man that has poked them off their horses. Can't you see that all the like of that is gone by and done with? What use is armor against gun-powder? And if it were, do you think men that are fighting for France and for God will stop to bargain about ransoms, as half your knights live by doing? No; they will fight to win; and they will give up their lives out of their own hand into the hand of God when they go into battle, as I do.

Common folks understand this. They cannot afford armor and cannot pay ransoms; but they follow me half naked into the moat and up the ladder and over the wall. With them it is my life or thine, and God defend the right! You may shake your head, Jack; and Bluebeard may twirl his Billygoat's beard and cock his nose at me; but remember the day your knights and captains refused to follow me to attack the English at Orleans! You locked the gates to keep me in; and it was the towns-folk and the common people that followed me, and forced the gate, and showed you the way to fight in earnest.

BLUEBEARD. (*Offended.*) Not content with being Pope Joan, you must be Caesar and Alexander as well.

THE ARCHBISHOP. Pride will have a fall, Joan.

JOAN. Oh, never mind whether it is pride or not; is it true? Is it common sense?

The colloquy continues, until the Archbishop impatiently, speaking in behalf of the Church, and declaring the girl to be determined to turn them all against her, warns her to, in future, "fend for yourself; and if you fail, God have mercy on your soul." Whereupon:

JOAN. Where would you all have been now if I had heeded that sort of truth? There is no help, no counsel, in any of you. I am alone on earth; I have always been alone. My father told my brothers and sisters to drown me if I would not stay to mind his sheep, while France was bleeding to death. France might perish, if only our lambs were safe. I thought France would have friends at the court of the king of France; and I find only wolves fighting for pieces of her poor torn body. I thought God would have friends everywhere, because He is the friend of everyone; and in my innocence I believed that you who now cast me out would be like strong towers to keep harm from me. But I am wiser now; and nobody is any the worse for being wiser. Do not think you can frighten me by telling me that I am alone. France is alone; and God is alone; and what is my loneliness before the loneliness of my country and my God? I see now that the loneliness of God is His strength. What would He be if He listened to our jealous little counsels?

Well, my loneliness shall be my strength too; it is better to be alone with God. His friendship will not fail me, nor His counsel, nor His love.

The great fourth act dramatizes the trial of Joan, at Rouen, on May 30, 1431—following a public career of some three years, corresponding in time to that of Jesus. The scene is impressively staged. Among those present, so to say, are, beside the "culprit" Joan of Arc, such Church dignitaries as the Canon D'Estivet (Philip Wood); Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais (Ian Maclaren); the Inquisitor (Joseph Macaulay); the Executioner (Herbert Ashton), and De Courcelles, Canon of Paris (Walton Butterfield), all of whom play excellently to the occasion. D'Estivet, heckling Joan, draws from her the damning admission that she had tried to escape from a military prison in which she had been confined, following the turning tide of her fortune. "You tried to escape?" he questions.

JOAN. Of course I did; and not for the first time either. If you leave the door of the cage open the bird will fly out.

D'ESTIVET. That is a confession of heresy. I call the attention of the court to it.

JOAN. Heresy, he calls it! Am I a heretic because I try to escape from prison?

D'ESTIVET. Assuredly, if you are in the hands of the Church, and you wilfully take yourself out of its hands, you are deserting the Church; and that is heresy.

JOAN. It is great nonsense. Nobody could be such a fool as to think that.

D'ESTIVET. You hear, my lord, how I am reviled in the execution of my duty by this woman.

CAUCHON. I have warned you before, Joan, that you are doing yourself no good by these pert answers.

JOAN. But you will not talk sense to me. I am reasonable, if you will be reasonable.

THE INQUISITOR. (*Interposing.*) This is not yet in order. You forget, Master Promoter, that the proceedings have not been formally opened. The time for questions is after she has sworn on the Gospels to tell us the whole truth.

JOAN. You say this to me every time. I have said again and again that I will tell you all that concerns this trial. But I cannot tell you the whole truth. God does not allow the whole truth to be told. You do not understand it when I tell it. It is an old saying that he who tells too much truth is sure to be hanged. I am weary of this argument. We have been over it nine times already. I have sworn as much as I will swear; and I will swear no more.

COURCELLES. My lord, she should be put to the torture.

THE INQUISITOR. You hear, Joan? That is what happens to the obdurate. Think before you answer. Has she been shown the instruments?

THE EXECUTIONER. They are ready, my lord. She has seen them.

JOAN. If you tear me limb from limb until you separate my soul from my body you will get nothing out of me beyond what I have told you. What more is there to tell that you could understand? Besides, I cannot bear to be hurt; and if you hurt me I will say anything you like to stop the pain. But I will take it all back afterwards; so what is the use of it?

The Chaplain de Stogumber (Henry Travers), hearing Joan admit that she had been proficient in domestic work, inquires why she had not stayed at home and confined herself to house-keeping. Whereupon:

JOAN. There are plenty of other women to do it; but there is nobody to do my work.

CAUCHON. Come! We are wasting time on trifles, Joan. I am going to put a most solemn question to you. Take care how you answer; for your life and salvation are at stake on it. Will you, for all you have said and done, be it good or bad, accept the judgment of God's Church on earth? More especially as to the acts and words that are imputed to you in this trial by the Promoter here, will you submit your case to the inspired interpretation of the Church Militant?

JOAN. I am a faithful child of the Church. I will obey the Church.

CAUCHON. (*Hopefully leaning forward.*) You will?

JOAN. Provided it does not command anything impossible.

(*Cauchon sinks back in his chair with a heavy sigh. The Inquisitor purses his lips and frowns.*)

D'ESTIVET. She imputes to the Church the error and folly of commanding the impossible.

JOAN. If you command me to declare that all that I have done and said, and all the visions and revelations I have had, were not from God, then that is impossible; I will not declare it for anything in the world. What God made me do I will never go back on; and what He has commanded or shall command I will not fail to do in spite of any man alive. That is what I mean by impossible. And in case the Church should bid me do anything contrary to the command I have from God, I will not consent to it, no matter what it may be.

D'ESTIVET. (*Throwing down his brief.*) My lord; do you need anything more than this?

CAUCHON. Woman, you have said enough to burn ten heretics.

The inquisition proceeds remorselessly. A Brother Martin Ladvenu (Morris Carnovsky), of kindly disposition, interposes, reminding Joan that they are trying to save her. She pleads that she cannot understand; to which the Inquisitor retorts that "those who cannot understand are damned," and that "the simplicity of a darkened mind is no better than the simplicity of a beast."

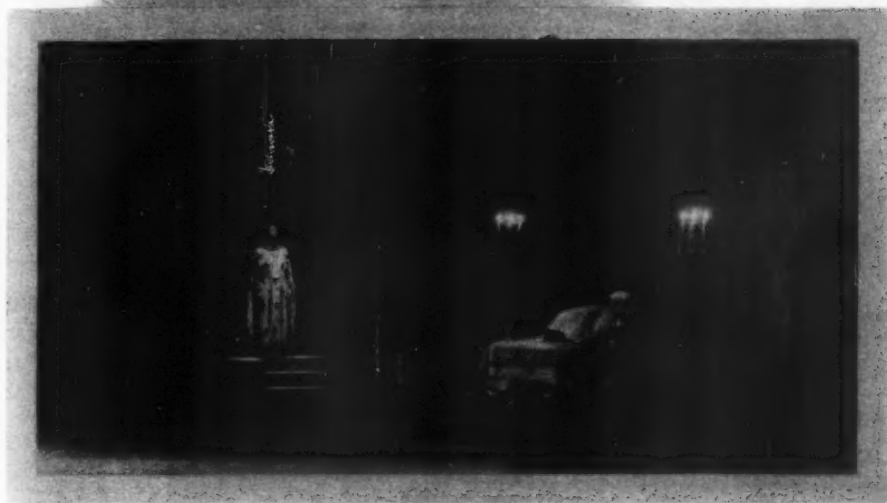
JOAN. There is great wisdom in the simplicity of a beast, let me tell you; and sometimes great foolishness in the wisdom of scholars.

LADVENU. We know that, Joan; we are not so foolish as you think us. Try to resist the temptation to make pert replies to us. Do you see that man who stands behind you? (*He indicates the Executioner.*)

JOAN. (*Turning and looking at the man.*) Your torturer? But the Bishop said I was not to be tortured.

LADVENU. You are not to be tortured because you have confessed everything that is necessary to your condemnation. That man is not only the torturer; he is also the Executioner. Executioner, let the Maid hear your answers to my ques-

(*Continued on page 329*)



"THE FINEST PLAY WRITTEN IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN OUR DAY"
Showing (bottom) Winifred Lenihan spectrally appearing as Joan of Arc to King Charles
VII. of France (Philip Leigh), in the epilogue of Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan."



WINIFRED LENIHAN RISES TO HISTRIONIC HEIGHTS IN "SAINT JOAN"
Her portrayal of the Maid of Orleans in the great trial scene of Bernard Shaw's play wins the unanimous praise of the metropolitan critics.



LADY DIANA MANNERS (ABOVE) AND ROSAMOND PINCHOT (BELOW) IN
"THE MIRACLE"

Lady Diana is shown as the Madonna, through whom the Lamed Piper is being miraculously healed. Miss Pinchot is pictured in the character of the Nun, in Max Reinhardt's daring pantomimic creation.



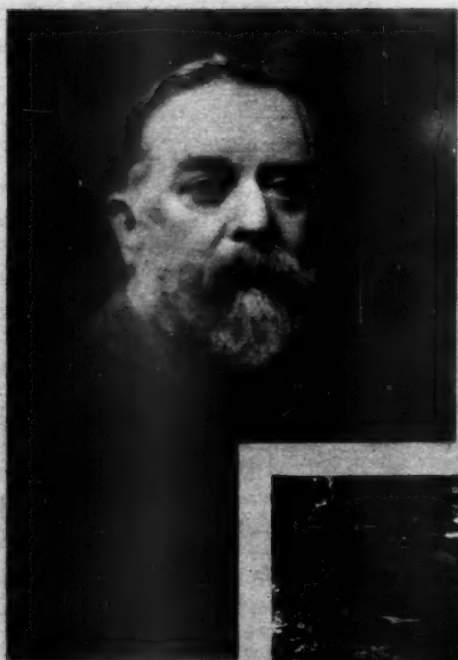
THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME IS FILMED IN "THE ETERNAL CITY"
Above (center figures) are Lionel Barrymore, Barbara La Marr and Bert Lytell. Below,
a mob scene in the Coliseum, from the screen version of Hall Caine's novel, produced
by Geo. Fitzmaurice for First National Pictures.



Photo by William McKillop

A VIOLENTLY REALISTIC
"CRUCIFIXION"

George Bellows' "Crucifixion of Christ" easily dominated the fifth annual exhibition of the New Society of Artists in the Anderson Galleries, New York.



SARGENT AND HIS "CHESS-PLAYERS"

A striking photograph of John S. Sargent, made for "Vanity Fair," by Sidney R. Carter. The painting is one of the most original of the American master's exhibits at the Grand Central Gallery in New York.



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MONET AND ONE OF HIS GARDEN-PAINTINGS

Claude Monet, France's greatest living painter, was encouraged by Clemenceau to make a portrayal of his garden in 300 sections for presentation to the State. He finds, now, that the Louvre is unwilling to accept so unusual a gift.



© Burnell Poole

THE SIXTH (PAINTED) BATTLE SQUADRON OF THE GRAND FLEET UPON A PAINTED OCEAN
Burnell Poole's painting of the American division cooperating with the British in the North Sea, to be presented to the British Admiralty by Admiral Hugh Rodman and the officers and men of the squadron.

(Continued from page 320)

tions. Are you prepared for the burning of a heretic this day?

THE EXECUTIONER. Yes, master.

LADVENU. Is the stake ready?

THE EXECUTIONER. It is. In the market-place. The English have built it too high for me to get near her and make the death easier. It will be a cruel death.

JOAN. (Horried.) But you are not going to burn me now?

THE INQUISITOR. You realize it at last.

LADVENU. There are eight hundred English soldiers waiting to take you to the market-place the moment the sentence of excommunication has passed the lips of your judges. You are within a few short moments of that doom.

JOAN. (Looking round desperately for rescue.) Oh God!

LADVENU. Do not despair, Joan. The Church is merciful. You can save yourself.

JOAN. Yes; my voices promised me I should not be burnt. St. Catherine bade me be bold.

CAUCHON. Woman, are you quite mad? Do you not yet see that your voices have deceived you?

JOAN. Oh no; that is impossible.

CAUCHON. Impossible! They have led you straight to your excommunication, and to the stake which is there waiting for you.

LADVENU. (Pressing the point hard.) Have they kept a single promise to you since you were taken at Compiègne? The devil has betrayed you. The Church holds out its arms to you.

JOAN. (Despairing.) Oh, it is true; it is true, my voices have deceived me. I have been mocked by devils; my faith is broken. I have dared and dared; but only a fool will walk into a fire. God, who gave me my common sense, cannot will me to do that.

At this her judges take hope for her salvation, and prepare her written recantation to which she is persuaded to affix her mark, insofar as she is illiterate. Having signed the formidable document, she is apprised that, instead of being executed, she is to be imprisoned for life.

JOAN. (Rising in consternation and terrible anger.) Perpetual imprisonment! Am I not then to be set free?

LADVENU. (Mildly shocked.) Set free,

child, after such wickedness as yours? What are you dreaming of!

JOAN. Give me that writing. (She rushes to the table; snatches up the paper; and tears it into fragments.) Light your fire. Do you think I dread it as much as the life of a rat in a hole? My voices were right.

LADVENU. Joan! Joan!

JOAN. Yes; they told me that you were fools, and that I was not to listen to your fine words or trust to your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied. You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the bread and water I fear. I can live on bread. When have I asked for more? It is no hardship to drink water, if the water is clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness, and keep from me everything that brings me back to the love of God, when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him; all this is worse than the furnace in the Bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my war-horse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost and the blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God.

As a result, she is sent to the faggots and is burned as a witch by the English, the French clerical concurring. After which the Earl of Warwick promises the very capable firemaster that he "shall lose nothing by having no relics to sell." "I have your word," he demands, "that nothing remains, not a hair, not a nail, not a bone?" Assured that he "has heard the last of her," the English commander is moved to soliloquise: "The last of her? Hm. I wonder!"

A PANTOMIMIC WONDER OF THE STAGE WORLD

"I HAVE asked Londoners again and again why they pay half a guinea to go to a theater when they can go to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey for nothing," wrote Bernard Shaw in one of his famous prefaces. . . . "If ever a revolution makes me Dictator, I shall establish a heavy charge for admission to our churches. But everybody who pays at the church door shall receive a ticket entitling him or her to free admission to one performance at any theater he or she prefers. Thus shall the sensuous charms of the church service be made to subsidize the sterner virtues of the drama."

Quoting the above paragraph, Stephen Rathbun observes, in the *New York Sun and Globe*, that the presentation of the great Max Reinhardt spectacle, "The Miracle," in what is just now being called the Century Cathedral, in New York, is the nearest Church and Theater have yet come to carrying out this Shavian plan. A good-sized price is charged for tickets, and the spectator (it is a pantomime) dwells in the illusion of being in a cathedral. Indeed, the impression of being in church is so perfect that the greatest incongruity is the sight of men and women in the audience in evening clothes. The *Sun* critic suggests that Impresarios Comstock and Gest make a rule forbidding this.

Superlatives have been exhausted by the metropolitan critics in reviewing this pageant. To begin with, writes Alexander Woolcott, in the *Herald*, the prodigious feat of transforming the once gilt and gaudy Century into an old Rhineland cathedral, with high, misty arches of stone and just such depths and spaces as makes Notre Dame a house of awe—the mere recording of that feat does not half tell the story. It suggests a mere hocus pocus by which a giddy passer-by can be turned into a reverential fellow for the purposes of

a miracle play. But what, within this setting, is caught by Reinhardt is not the mere mystery of an old cathedral, but its multitudinous life."

There are high transept windows of such glass as the workers of Chartres and Carcassonne knew how to make. There are high invisible choirs from which the sweet melody of the "Venite Adoremus" seems to sift down between the cobwebby pillars. There is the thunder of organ music and the air is all atremble with chimes, and there is the constant shuffle of penitential feet, the troops of young folk from the village, the wistful procession of the halt and blind, the sparkle of children running in and out of the sunlight into such a temple as was the heart of a people in an ancient day. Says John Corbin, in the *Times*, of the crowd effects:

"The uniformed processions of nuns and the motley throngs of worshippers vibrated with life and color. Into an atmosphere of stately reverence and hushed religious awe they brought the surging vitality of mediaeval piety, the passion of religious conviction."

In the *World*, Heywood Broun declares this production to be an extraordinary event of the American stage.

To Percy Hammond, of the *Tribune*, "nothing like it for illuminative and suggestive detail has ever been known to the theater of the United States"; and Alan Dale, of the *American*, who has "always had a mad longing to visit Lourdes," and has never got there, found himself in the Century "seeing the same wonders recorded of that shrine."

The estimates of the cost of producing "The Miracle" range from \$600,000 down to \$400,000. The lower figure, at least, seems no exaggeration. Lee Shubert said at the première that there would be a monetary loss on the production if it did not run a year at the Century.

WHY MAJOR MUSIC IS GLAD AND MINOR MUSIC IS SAD

REMINDING us that music is sad only in the sense that it has, in some measure, however limited and transitory, a saddening effect, and cheerful only in the sense that it has a cheerful effect on the mind, R. W. S. Mendl, in *The Musical Quarterly*, makes an interesting inquiry into the distinction between major and minor keys and the broad association of major with cheerfulness and of minor with sadness. There are, of course, exceptions. The *Adagio* of Beethoven's 9th *Symphony*, as an instance, is in a major key, but nearly every one agrees that it is sad. The *Dead March* in Handel's *Saul* is in the major, though, it is admitted, it seems to suggest the solemnity and grandeur of death, rather than its sorrowful and pathetic side. It is not so sad as the *Funeral Marches* of Beethoven and Chopin, which are in minor keys.

The writer also instances the main theme of the *Scherzo* in the 9th *Symphony*, which is in D minor, as being by no means sad. But it is less cheerful than the major portions of the same movement; and in the trio, which is in D major, the music seems almost to revel in the major key after so much minor. The *Scherzo* from Gounod's *Philémon et Baucis* is in a minor key, and yet is most light-hearted. Nevertheless, "play a major chord on the piano, and then a minor chord, and there can be no question as to this distinction." What is the cause?

"It has been suggested that this contrast is traditional, that it is based originally on the fact that early lamentations were in a minor and early songs of rejoicing were in a major key: and that the musical expressions of the subtler shades of feeling have all developed, by an infinite variety of ingenious changes and turns of musical phrase, out of this broad difference.

"Yet even if we were to grant the extremely doubtful assertion that early

lamentations were in a minor key and early songs of joy in a major we should still want to know why our forefathers selected the one to reflect joy and the other sorrow.

"Moreover, on what grounds can it be suggested that the musical representation of the subtler shades of feeling is in any way derived from an original broad association of the major key with gladness and of the minor with grief? What can this latter association have to do with the fact that we may describe, for instance, much of Mozart's music as ethereal, Tchaikovsky's *Waltz* in his *Fifth Symphony* as expressing superficial cheerfulness tempered with an undercurrent of melancholy, Bach's E flat minor prelude (in Bk. 1 of the "48") as possessing a mystic character, Wagner's *Venusberg* music in *Tannhäuser* as lascivious, many passages in Beethoven's 8th *Symphony* as outbursts of boisterous wit—and so on, indefinitely?"

Addressing the question of what it is in music that makes it of a sad or cheerful nature, the writer asserts that music, as a means of suggesting moods or emotions, stands on a different footing from any other art. In other words, "the form of sentiment contained in music is an independent and unique entity. It is distinct in kind from that which can be portrayed in any other way than by music. It follows from this that a verbal explanation of a composer's intentions, even if he has given it himself, is, at best, an inadequate paraphrase of the ideas represented by the music. So, when we say that a composer may be able to express his emotions more easily or more completely by music than by words, we were greatly understating the case. Really, those particular feelings which he embodies in music could not be presented by him in any other way. He suggests in music not just sorrow, but a form of it such as can only be conveyed musically. Moreover, it is different, in some respect, from the reflection of grief in any other piece of music in the world."

DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES OF CENSORSHIP

IN the multitude of counsellors there is proverbial safety, but, as J. Ranken Towse remarks, in the *New York Evening Post*, apropos of play and film censorship, when the counsellors differ widely in experience, wisdom and theory it is not always easy to determine just in what direction safety lies. Admitting that there is an obvious, if not urgent, need for some sort of censorship, other than the common law, this veteran critic questions whether the men and women embarking on this crusade "know precisely what they are after, what kind of a censorship they want, and realize the difficulties and dangers of the task they are undertaking." He continues:

"They may be successful in securing an act providing for the appointment of a censor or censors and defining their powers, but that would mean nothing but the first step in an exceedingly doubtful and hazardous experiment which, should it fail, might be in many ways disastrous not only to the theater but to the public. The getting of a censorship is a comparatively easy matter; the finding of a censor quite a different affair."

The main object of the advocates of a censorship, as commonly stated, is to free the stage from immoral and indecent plays. But, objects Mr. Towse, there seems to be an impression abroad that the words "immoral" and "indecent" are practically synonymous, which, of course, they are not.

"A thing may be flagrantly indecent without being immoral at all. On the other hand, a thing—or a play—may be abominably immoral without being in the least degree indecent. In prescribing the functions of the proposed censorship a full and precise definition of these two words will be a matter of supreme importance. In the case of 'indecent,' if that expression is held to refer only to words or acts of gross vulgarity, that ought not to involve much difficulty. One would hardly have thought a definition necessary, if, in view

of certain recent exhibitions on the stage, the local authorities had not appeared to be so badly in need of it. But with 'immorality' the case is very different. Although its fundamental meaning is clear enough, in ordinary parlance its significance is apt to depend very largely upon the connection in which it is used, and where the theater is concerned it has come to be one of the most disputatious terms imaginable."

In the matter of film censorship, accounts of the actions, or antics, of some of the State boards read, as *The Nation* comments editorially, like a burlesque of the worst possibilities of censorship. One board orders out the title, "Harvey Porter, an attorney to whom victory is more important than the honor of his profession," in its zealous respect for lawyers. Another board objects to the title "Kick the dog and Brulet will fight"—in "The Oregon Trail"—as "tending to incite to crime." Still another objects to a picture of a marriage by radio as "sacrilegious," although such a marriage had in fact been performed. From a Rupert Hughes comedy the title "In Sicily they challenge to a duel by biting off the tip of your ear" has to go. In Illinois a picture is barred because a delegation of ministers who had never seen it protested that they had heard that it reflected upon the clergy. Texas bars a fantasy based on Aladdin's Lamp as "medieval, fantastic, absurd, and fit only for the dark ages." Pennsylvania will not even permit the word "anarchists" in a film, suggesting "fanatics" as an alternative, although the "anarchists" are pictured as wreckers of society. Ohio will not allow a parrot in an O. Henry story to say: "Give him hell, Dickey," and in New York filmgoers are not permitted to see the words (in a scene showing the spanking of two children by their uncle): "This hurts me more than it does you!" "Yes, but not in the same place."

FIRES THAT SMOLDER IN GERMANY

"GERMANY is still a giant, though a maimed giant—how strong we never realized until we began to disarm her," writes Brigadier-General John Hartman Morgan, of the British army, for the past four years stationed in Germany as the British representative on the Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control engaged in carrying out the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. "If Germany is bound for the abyss, she is determined to drag all Europe down with her. And I think such a catastrophic policy is still within her power," says General Morgan in summarizing, for the *New York Times*, the present war-making capacity of Germany. Material disarmament has been attended to by commissioners of the Allies, but "material disarmament will never be certain or complete until *moral disarmament* has made it unnecessary."

Before the French went into the Ruhr the Inter-Allied Military Commission met with "every kind of resistance that German ingenuity could devise and every kind of excuse that German naïveté could invent," and General Morgan estimates that a generation would have been required to complete their work, but it could have been done. The Generals, retired and active, of the former German armies; the officer corps, non-commissioned officers, and regimental associations all organized on a basis of mobilization; and finally the military secret societies and semi-military free-masonries; these things could not be done away with in a day or a year or ten years. But, according to this British observer, slowly they would have sunk into insignificance if the French had not gone into the Ruhr. The Ruhr occupation gangrened the whole hinterland of Germany just as the English "pale" embittered Ireland, "like a spear-point embedded in the living body it has inflamed all around it," as Lecky said of Ireland. Now the militarism of the German is revived. "Never

were these extra-constitutional forces so strong," writes General Morgan, "never was the constitution so weak. If they once gain the upper hand, any 'moral' disarmament—and it is the only disarmament that, in the long run, can be effective—which may have attended our work, will be undone."

The German Republic suffers, he says, by being administered by men who do not believe in it. They are all Monarchists—these Chancellors and Premiers. They regard their function as a passing one. While Germany is sick they are the doctors and nurses. When Germany gets well, the Crown Prince will be put on the throne, not by a clique, but by the will of the people.

Meanwhile, morally, Germany is very sick indeed. "The post-war criminal statistics, which I have before me, tell a fearful tale, and the prisons are so full as to present a housing problem of their own. Neither public property nor private, sacred or profane, is safe. Museums are rifled of their books and manuscripts. Tombs are desecrated for the sake of spoil—neither Goethe's nor Blücher's being spared—and national monuments are stripped of their bronze. Criminal convictions in the children's courts have increased three-fold. As for morality, in the narrower sense of the word, in Berlin and most of the large towns, the cities of the Plain were not more vile."

Much of this demoralization, he thinks, has been produced by the deliberate inflation of the German currency. That inflation, "by enslaving the workers, has undermined the political basis of the republic and concentrated all real power in the hands of a few—the great industrialists. No one can have any conception of how great their power is, and they are daily annexing one domain after another."

"It is they, not the government, who tax the people. The assessment of their own earnings by the revenue authorities has been farcical, and their balance sheets have



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THE SEAT OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY EXPERIMENT

In the walled Kremlin, occupied for hundreds of years by Russian Czars, were worked out the radical principles which have changed the destiny of 130,000,000 people. Here Lenin had his headquarters, and here, close by, he is entombed in a marble mausoleum.

represented the most impudent evasion of taxation in fiscal history. The worker paid on his weekly wages, which were known, and the capitalist on his yearly profits, which were never ascertained; the assessment of the former was in current values, the assessment of the latter in values so obsolete as to be nominal by the time payment is due."

In the Ruhr question General Morgan says his judgment is with the British and his sympathy with the French. "I cannot forget that on the eve of the Ruhr occupation Germany was not only in default with the delivery of a few tons of coal, she was in default with the execution of a great many of the military clauses; she was trying to build up a masked army under our very noses; her army estimates were four times what they should have been."

Germany, he thinks, will not break up. "The States are absolutely dependent upon the Reich. If they attempt to break away, the German Army will reconquer them as it conquered the disruptive elements in Bavaria and Saxony, and in the process the army, as the only hope of order, is reacquir-

ing all the luster it has lost, for Germany will have learned once again the prestige of force."

General Morgan pays a tribute in passing to Viscount Haldane, creator of the British Expeditionary Force in the days before the war, and regarded by the German Generals as the man who thereby won the war. Haldane, now Lord Chancellor under Ramsay MacDonald, understood Germany, and "that is what we all need to do."

"Germany found herself, by the Treaty of Versailles, a captive giant in the hands of Europe, her locks shorn, her eyes put out. Now, in the temple of European society there are two pillars upon which the whole temple rests—one is the pillar of credit, the other is the pillar of law; and law is only another term for moral order. And I sometimes think that, like the captive giant in the Temple of Gaza, Germany, in her agony and shame, is putting forth her hands to grasp the two pillars on which European civilization rests, and has breathed this prayer, 'O Lord God, remember me, I pray Thee, and strengthen me, I pray Thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged.'"

FORCES THAT MADE LENIN A GREAT REVOLUTIONARY LEADER

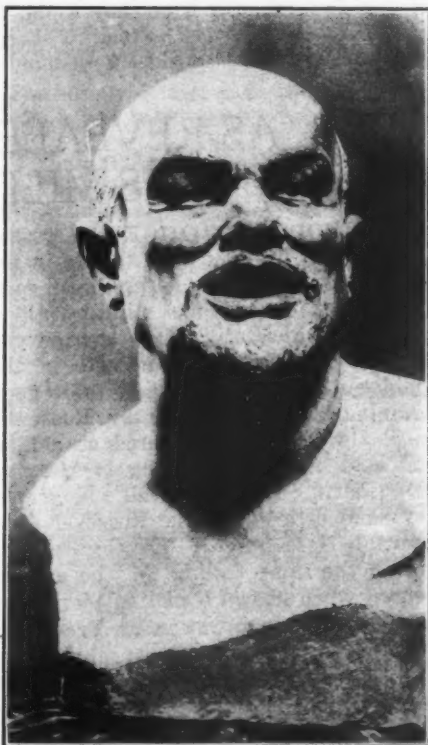
IT was Lenin, not Trotzky, who had charge of war-making in the early days of Bolshevik power, when the Reds were defending Petrograd against the newly-ousted Kerensky government with its White troops. Trotzky, at that time, according to Isaac Don Levine's biography, "The Man Lenin" (Thomas Seltzer), dealt with foreign affairs, and the publication of the secret treaties. Levine obtained a first-hand account of the extraordinary manner in which Lenin seized the dictatorship and fought off Kerensky, from Podvoisky, one of Lenin's lieutenants.

On that ever-memorable November 7 —when the Bolshevik *coup d'état* took place — a strange-looking little man walked unobserved into the Smolny Institute, headquarters of the Petrograd Soviet, with his face bandaged as if swollen out of shape by toothache; his eyes concealed behind immense spectacles, and his skull shrouded in a voluminous old cap. It was Lenin, "the drollest-looking leader of a revolution history has ever known." He did not remove his stage disguise, but turned furiously upon the colleagues he found at the Smolny and upbraided them for failing to take the Winter Palace. The main telegraph office and the State bank had been seized. The Winter Palace was the last remaining barrier to the workers' seizure of power. "It was the last barricade. . . . Lenin swore . . . bellowed. He was ready to shoot us!"

And when after hours of strained waiting the Winter Palace was at last invested, the weird-looking little man threw off his goggles and his bandage, left the room where he had been pacing like a caged animal, and sprang upon the scene with a roar. The Bolsheviks were installed, and Lenin was Premier. But now reaction set in, and Kerensky's forces might have followed the retreating Soviet troops right into Petrograd —or Leningrad, as it is now called.

"At that grave moment," Podvoisky is quoted as saying, "Comrade Lenin appeared at staff headquarters together with Stalin and Trotzky. He asked for me, Antonov and Machonoshin, and demanded a detailed report.

His questions and his analysis convinced his staff that they had committed a whole series of oversights and had shown utter incompetence. They retired and consulted, deciding at length to put Podvoisky at their head, and he returned to tell Lenin that he would undertake the task of making good their shortcomings.



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RUSSIA'S NEW SAINT

Portrait bust of the dead leader whom the Soviets would like to canonize, made by a New York sculptor, Onorio Ruotolo.

"At noon the following day," Podvoisky continues, "Lenin appeared at my headquarters and demanded that a table should be put for him in my office, announcing that he wanted to be all the time in touch with developments."

Thereafter every few minutes Lenin sent someone to help Podvoisky with the defense of Petrograd. Now it was an agitator. Now it was an aviator. And now a quartermaster or a munitions-maker.

Podvoisky felt himself more or less superseded. It was as if two headquarters, parallel to one another, were issuing orders to the same purpose. His nerves wore ragged. "Several times in the course of four or five hours I had arguments with Lenin, protesting against his 'wild' work. My protests seemed to have an effect for a while, but a few minutes later they would be forgotten and ignored. Finally I sharply and altogether unjustly demanded

from Lenin that I be relieved at once. Lenin raged as never before: 'I will hand you over for trial to a Bolshevik Party tribunal, and we will shoot you. I order you to continue the work and not to interfere with my work.'"

Ordered to attend a conference of representatives of workmen's organizations, district Soviets, factory committees, trade-unions and military units which Lenin had called together, Podvoisky realized for the first time what a part his chief was playing in making possible the revolution, and how much his tireless energy and resourcefulness contributed to Kerensky's collapse.

"Here I understood wherein Lenin's power lay," he admits. "In an extraordinary moment he could bring concentration of thought, power and means to the utmost limits. We had been scattering, gathering and dispersing without any system, on account of which our war-making had been spasmodic."

T. R. AS REVEALED BY ARCHIE BUTT, HIS MILITARY AIDE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has been brought back to life in the vivid, gossipy letters, just published, of one of his military aides, Major Archie Butt. They "deposit you once more, bag and baggage, in the midst of that time which to a good many of us who swear by Roosevelt will always be remembered as a kind of golden age," according to Herman Hagedorn, one of Roosevelt's biographers and director of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. They gave him much the same feeling that he experienced when shown a motion picture of Roosevelt's inauguration as President.

"There he was again, the man in his prime, vigorous, powerful, the 'steam engine in breeches' that Uncle Joe Cannon described."

Major Butt was military aide and close friend to both Presidents Roose-

velt and Taft, and one of the most popular men in Washington. He lost his life on the *Titanic*, standing beside the lifeboats with a revolver to see that no man took a woman's place in them. His epitaph, says the *New York Herald*, in publishing the letters from day to day by arrangement with Doubleday, Page & Company, came from the lips of President Taft: "When I heard that the *Titanic* had sunk with twelve hundred lives I knew that Major Butt had not been saved."

His letters about Roosevelt were written in the simplest, most off-hand fashion to his mother and later to his sister, telling of the incidents of every day, and the witty remarks of the eminent people by whom he was surrounded. He took his post as military aide to Roosevelt with misgiving. He had somewhat shared his Southern mother's view of Roosevelt. Archie Butt was a strong Southern Democrat. But

bit by bit Roosevelt won him over, until his affection was given to the great President without reserve of any kind. To his mother, he wrote:

"The President takes up a good deal of one's time, but he is always so uniformly courteous and considerate that it becomes a pleasure to serve him. I rather suspect you of smiling when you read that he is considerate and courteous, but such is the case. Instead of rushing around with a bowie knife between his teeth and a pistol and big stick in his hands, he moves softly but swiftly. It is the quickness of the man's physical movements which gives one the impression of bounding in and out of the rooms, as I have so often seen him described by the ever-interesting correspondents."

Fitz Lee, another of Roosevelt's aides, Roosevelt and Butt went riding one day and discussed national anthems. Roosevelt declared that "Dixie" is our only piece of martial music. "It is the best battle music in the world, better than the 'Marseillaise,' for it goes with more of a jump and dash. But it does not fit voices well and the words are inadequate." Butt agreed with him as to "Dixie" and suggested that there was one anthem which ought to be our national hymn, for it was the greatest one ever written, and could be marched to. Roosevelt's face lighted up at mention of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"I am de-lighted to hear you say that, Captain [Butt was later to become a Major], and especially as you come from the South, for as you say there is not a sectional line in the whole hymn. The line, 'as He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,' is universal, catholic, as true a hundred years ago as it is now, equally true of Anglo-Saxon or Hindu. Yes, that hymn ought to be our national hymn, but how can we bring it about?"

"I have it. I will write to Joel Chandler Harris, Uncle Remus, you know, and get him to start the movement in the [Atlanta] *Constitution*. Then I will write to others in the West and get them to take it up and we may live to see it our national hymn. The movement must

come from the South, and it had better come from someone not connected with politics at all. Would it not be fine to have a hymn that this great nation could sing in unison?"

"In the meantime we were approaching the hills, and Fitz, who had not said a word, here stated that he would take a shorter cut and see that the bars were all up on the high jumps. As he passed out of sight the President said:

"Fitz is a lovely fellow. I do not think I could be much fonder of him if he were my own son."

"I said I was very much interested in him, as I felt that every Southern man should feel interested in seeing the name kept on a high plane.

"Never say that again, Captain. This nation is big enough now to revere the name of Robert E. Lee without sectional distinctions. He is no longer Southern, he is American, and he belongs to the nation, not to the South alone."

"Later he added: 'The two names which will stand out as the great ones of the Civil War period are Lee and Lincoln. The dignity of Lee after the close of the war is awe inspiring.'"

These letters "cry out" for quotation, and must be read in full to be appreciated. In them Roosevelt is shown to have been a champion "all-American" American. Speaking in mid-summer, 1908, of the agitation for him to accept a third term of office as President of the United States,—

"You know," he said, "my chief regret in not making the race this year is that I am not able to demonstrate the fact that I can carry Georgia. I am convinced that I can carry Georgia, Virginia and possibly Louisiana. I doubt if I would carry Tennessee or Kentucky, but I am certain about the others. I would make my opening speech in Savannah or Macon and would fight my way out from there. I would carry those States for the reason that I am not sectional. I have not got a sectional bone in my body. I imbibed the traditions and the folk lore of the South from my mother; my earliest training and principles were Southern; I sought the West of my own accord, and my manhood has largely been fought out in the North."

SOCIALISM GAINING MOMENTUM HERE

THE dramatic death and entombment of the Bolshevik leader, Nicolai Lenin, occurring, a few weeks ago, almost simultaneously with the appointment of J. Ramsay Macdonald as the first Socialist Premier of Great Britain, has deeply stirred the Socialist mind of the world, and has evoked, on this side of the Atlantic, answering vibrations that may mark a turning point in the history of American Socialism. "Lenin is dead; long live Macdonald," Heywood Broun cried in the *New York World*. His exclamation had a symbolic, as well as an obvious, meaning. For American Socialism has been, if not dead, at least under a cloud, and is only now beginning to come into the light again.

The most obvious sign of recent Socialist distress in America has been the collapse of the *Leader*, the Socialist daily established under the name of the *Call* in New York fifteen years ago and carried forward with immense devotion. But, apart from this, there have been many evidences of Socialist weakness. Eugene V. Debs, five times the Socialist candidate for the Presidency, finds himself so incapacitated by his long imprisonment that he has had to retire from the lecture platform for the time being. Labor organizations, under the inspiration of Samuel Gompers, have shown an increasing tendency to expel Socialist members. Even Abraham Cahan, editor of the successful *Jewish Forward*, has lamented the fact that America, alone among civilized countries, seemed incapable of producing a Socialist movement; while Norman Hapgood, in an article in *Hearst's* discussing possible third party developments in connection with the coming Presidential election, has declared: "The orthodox Socialists are in reality not important in this country. Karl Marx has little to say about our situation. Class-consciousness, the dictator-

ship of the proletariat, and the Third Internationale make us yawn."

But Socialism can not be disposed of so easily. It represents an idea that has been slowly gathering force for nearly a century and that has found its most dramatic manifestations in Russia and in the England of our own day. Only a short time ago, comparatively speaking, labor and Socialism were represented in the English parliament by just one member, Keir Hardie. Now they are represented by 193 members, and their leader, Ramsay Macdonald, has been able to include in his cabinet some of the ablest of living Englishmen.

Are the United States to follow the same course? No one can say, but, as everyone knows, American social and political movements have often paralleled, a few years later, those of England. It is not at all outside the limits of possibility that the Bolshevik threat to raise the Red Flag over the White House might be realized at least to the extent that a labor and Socialist party here might elect a President. The *New Leader* (New York), a militant weekly built on the ruins of the dead daily, is dedicated to this very aim, and carries in its initial issue a message of greeting and cheer from Ramsay Macdonald. "The British labor victory," Morris Hillquit, shrewd American Socialist leader, writes in the same issue, "is bound to have a powerful and salutary influence on the political cause of American labor."

One of the most significant recent developments in connection with the Socialist movement in America has been the publication of the late Glenn E. Plumb's book, "Industrial Democracy" (Huebsch). This work, which has been indorsed by fourteen railroad labor organizations and is described by Charles Edward Russell as "the most fascinating writing on any economic

subject we have had from any source in twenty years," establishes its author as a social theorist of world-wide importance. Even the *London Times*, in a review of the book, asserts that there is no reason why his plans should not be tried. "Industrial Democracy" has much in common with Sidney and Beatrice Webb's contribution to post-war sociology, "A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain." It represents a modified Guild Socialism.

Mr. Plumb first came into prominence six years ago as the advocate of a plan for the reorganization of American railways. It was known as the "Plumb plan," and proposed "Government ownership" and "democratic control." The idea, in brief, was that our railways should be administered by a "tripartite" board of directors representing equally management, labor and the public.

This plan was later developed into a scheme for the reorganization not only of railways, but of all industry, and is presented with skill, thoroughness and persuasiveness in his posthumous book. As Laurence Gronlund in his "Cooperative Commonwealth" of forty years ago, as Edward Bellamy in his "Looking Backward" of somewhat later date, laid down the foundation-plans of an ideal social commonwealth, so Glenn Plumb, in this new book, may be said to add a superstructure based on his study of economic conditions as they actually exist at the present time.

The general policy proposed is that all industries be classified in four groups, namely (1) national public utilities; (2) State and municipal public utilities; (3) all other industries based on grants, privileges or exploitation of natural resources, or in which there exists any natural or economic monopoly; and (4) all other industries. The first group, which would include the postal system, interstate railroads and other means of interstate transportation, but not coal-mines, would be owned and controlled, but not administered, by the State; and the second



A GREAT SOCIAL THEORIST

Building on the work of his predecessors in the field of sociological research, the late Glenn E. Plumb has proposed a modified form of Guild Socialism that is challenging international attention.

group, including marketing, municipal traction, telephone, heating, lighting, power and water systems, would have the same relation to the municipality. In each case the utility would be operated by a corporation created for the purpose by the State or municipality, and governed by a board of directors representing equally management, labor and the public.

The most original feature of the plan is that applied to the treatment of the third and fourth groups, which, it should be remembered, comprise the great bulk of economic enterprises. Mr. Plumb proposes that investors and workers be put on the same plane so far as a voice in the management of their business is concerned. For instance, a man whose wage was \$2,000 a year would have as much voting-strength as an investor who received \$2,000 in dividends on his capital stock.

JESUS VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

BESIDES theology, there is psychology." So Georges Berguer declares in a new book, "Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus" (Harcourt, Brace), which applies the methods of psychoanalysis to the study of Jesus and is attracting critical attention on both sides of the Atlantic. M. Berguer is a French-Swiss Protestant clergyman who lectures at the University of Geneva. He has studied Freud, and has evidently been influenced by Jung and the so-called "Zurich school" of psychoanalysts. "To describe his book as a gospel according to Saint Freud," Clarence Gaines remarks in the *North American Review*, "would probably be a sacrifice of truth to 'smartness'; yet it is a sort of epistle to a scientific generation."

M. Berguer finds the central experience of Jesus summed up in his thought of God as the Father. It was this idea that so completely dominated the life of Jesus that "his sole aim, the only possible meaning of his existence, consisted in revealing it to men." M. Berguer continues:

"Jesus, one can say, had discovered at the basis of his own inner life who God was. What he summed up in that word was an attitude of his whole being, his natural attitude, that which should have been, but, alas, was not, the attitude of mankind. In receiving, in its plenitude, the influx of life which made of him a human personality, he said, quite naturally, 'Father.' This vital influx, this inner outburst of energy, that which Gaston Frommel has called '*the moral obligation*,' which the psychoanalysts have called '*the libido*,' Schopenhauer the *will to live* and Bergson the *vital urge*, Jesus experienced, differently no doubt, but in a manner akin to theirs, as '*the Father*.' Jesus early recognized that he experienced it differently from other men, and that his manner of feeling it was the right manner, that his attitude was normal, while that of others was abnormal, since it cast them away from life into aberration,

dreams and sin. Hence both his suffering and his ardent and imperious desire to save his brothers in giving them the secret of life, in helping them to adopt the same inner attitude as himself, in order that they too might experience the power of the Father in the vital influx which penetrates man's nature from within."

Another of the points on which Berguer lays emphasis is that the teaching of Jesus is positive, rather than negative. He writes in this connection:

"Instead of proceeding by means of vetoes or negative instructions, he proceeds by affirmations. It would seem as though his whole nature were turned to the positive side of life, to the 'yes' side. . . . As we read the gospels we hear the same note sounded throughout. In the discussions with the Pharisees, particularly regarding the Sabbath, he does not set rules of his own in opposition to theirs. He adopts a positive, not a negative, attitude, affirming the supremacy of life over all else. 'The God of Man is Lord also over the Sabbath.' Away with the restrictions which tie up our lives! Let the God who is within you speak, and things will arrange themselves."

The same positive method is traced by Berguer in Jesus' work as a healer:

"Sin wrinkles the brow of the sick; they feel themselves living under condemnation; their soul is chained by the old doctrine that sickness is a punishment of sin. Jesus approaches them and frees them by an affirmation: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' In truth, it would seem that in all this Jesus practised psychoanalysis before its time. He employs the same method: he preaches the same confidence in the work of life. He knew that what destroyed life was the obstacles and negations with which certain false doctors of the soul encumber it. And he entered upon his ministry as a liberator, as a Savior."

M. Berguer's book is hailed as at once exceptionally suggestive and exception-

ally significant; it is certain, Alfred E. Zimmern says in the *Century*, to exercise a wide influence. Mr. Zimmern adds: "It is not free from defects and even from inconsistencies; its argument is, at times, unduly interlarded with edifying reflections, and in parts it will strike many readers as overin-

genious. But it breaks new ground, which was waiting ready for cultivation, and will remain memorable as the first more or less systematic attempt to bring a method of study which is profoundly affecting our judgments of contemporary mankind to bear upon the greatest figure of the race."

THE COMING REACTION FROM SEXUAL ANARCHY

IN a leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly* in which he applies the scalpel of his keen intelligence to some of the festering sores of our modern life revealed in contemporary fiction, Prof. Stuart P. Sherman, of the University of Illinois, comes to the conclusion that there is an actual sex-obsession in current novels and that one cheerful generalization can be based on that fact. It is that the glorification of sex at the expense of everything else is providing its own nemesis and is sure to lead to reaction. As he puts it:

"I stand by the novelists, even by the emetic school, as showing where the movement halts: in blind alleys, against iron necessities, in miasmatic swamps, in ennui, in despair, in disgust unfathomable. . . . You cannot understand what comfort and reassurance I find in the fathomless disgust exhibited in our most advanced novelists—disgust for the life that is dedicated to sex. The disgust of the novelists upholds the splendor of the Church and the majesty of the Law."

When even D. H. Lawrence takes the position that the essential function of art is moral—"not esthetic, nor decorative, not pastime and recreation, but moral"—it might seem as if the "counter-revolution," of which Professor Sherman speaks, had already started.

Historians in the future, surveying the monuments of our children's time, are going, Professor Sherman predicts, to refer to this as the beginning of the great age of stadium-building in

America. "They will see in this movement a religious significance not yet visible to us; and they will expatiate in glowing terms on the period when, with extravagant and sacrificial adoration of an ideal, our youth exalted the cleanness and hardness of athletic games, and religiously subjected themselves to the rules and rigor of the game—to that arbitrary, elaborate, inflexible, yet self-imposed system of 'ethics' which alone makes any good



HE PROPHESES THAT MARRIAGE MAY YET AGAIN BE THE MODE

Prof. Stuart P. Sherman finds that "advanced" writers tend to promote the very standards that they seem to disdain.

game possible." Professor Sherman adds:

"I hope that in the early stages of the counter-revolution our sophisticated sons and daughters will scrutinize 'the idea of sex'; coolly extract from it the part that belongs to physiology and pathology; and then disuse the word as synonym for every other element in the complex relationship which sometimes makes human beings paradisiacally happy in their blossoming season and content enough with each other even into wintry old age.

"I hope that they will make real progress in psychoanalysis. I hope that, when they feel the ache of the soul's ultimate solitude, they may be frank and plain with themselves, and call things by their right names, and say to themselves something like this: 'I am filled with tedium and passionate craving. I shall be

hard to satisfy, for I am thirsty for a deep draught of human felicity. What I crave is not described or named in the physiologies. I crave beauty, sympathy, sweetness, incentive, perfume, difference, vivacity, wit, cleanness, grace, devotion, caprice, pride, kindness, blitheness, fortitude. I will not look for these things where I know they cannot be found, nor under conditions in which I know they cannot be maintained. But if I find them, and where they thrive, I shall wish to express my joy by some great act of faith and the hazard of all I hope to be. And I shall not like the town clerk to be the sole recorder of my discovery and my faith. I shall wish witnesses, high witnesses, whatever is august and splendid in the order of the world, to enwheel me round and bid me welcome to that order.' That is the sort of self-realization to which I hope our sons and daughters are coming."

A SCHOOLMASTER WHO SET OUT TO CONQUER THE WORLD

ONE of the most dramatic tales that H. G. Wells has ever had to tell is embodied in "The Story of a Great Schoolmaster" (Macmillan). It involves the personality of an actual teacher, F. W. Sanderson, the headmaster of Oundle School, where Wells' own sons were educated, and it ends with an account of a public meeting in London, in the summer of 1922, at which Mr. Wells presided and Mr. Sanderson was so overtaxed by an address he made that he fell dead from heart failure.

Mr. Wells asserts that Sanderson is beyond question the greatest man he has ever known with any degree of intimacy. He also says that Sanderson is the only man who ever stirred him to a biographical effort. The basis of the attraction is not far to seek. We soon find, as we read this book, that Sanderson was a kind of H. G. Wells of the school. He carried, that is to say, into the educational field the sort of ideas that H. G. Wells has championed in his sixty books.

When Sanderson took hold of Oundle

School, it had less than a hundred boys. By 1920 the number was soaring up towards 600. The War flung Sanderson out from scholastic seclusion into a life of missionary activity in behalf not only of English fighting power, but also of educational ideals. His eldest son was killed in the War, and he was planning, at the time of his bereavement, a "House of Vision," or educational museum, in memory of Eric Yarrow, a popular student who had also made the great sacrifice.

At the core of Sanderson's educational philosophy is the idea that "schools should be miniature copies of the world." He opposed the idea that the best results in education could be obtained by a competitive system in which the clever boys carried off the prizes and the rest of the school found compensation in games or misbehavior. He preferred to appeal to the curiosity, the passion to "find out something," that exists in all young people. The immediate result of his methods was a system in which boys were encouraged to solve problems for themselves.

Scientific knowledge was the foundation of all, and the scientific laboratory which grew up at Oundle was one of the best in England. But Sanderson carried his theory into musical, historical, literary and social studies, as well. If he held that the best way to study a machine was to make it, he also held that the best way to study a drama was to act it. He was nothing if not dynamic. His religious inspiration was a heterodox Christianity in which he laid stress on the positive side of Christ's teaching, rather than on the thought of sin. He wanted to see co-operation, not competition, the dominant spirit in social and international affairs.

A member of Sanderson's staff who talked with him about the Yarrow memorial in 1920 recalls that he seemed to dally with a suggestion to name it the "Temple of the World" and that he expressed his dislike of the word "museum." His idea was to fill it with charts of all things and all ages, including pictures of the world's great men, and then to turn a boy loose in it. He hoped to make it a place for meditation, restful as well as invigorating. More specifically, Sanderson declared, later:

"Every school, every locality and industry might build within their boundaries a new kind of chapel, a heritage, a temple—a beautiful building in which are gathered together and exhibited the records of man's great deeds and of man's progress and the records of his needs. It is as such a 'Hall of Needs' that we regard the Yarrow memorial, and to this end it is being equipped."

This plan was never adequately realized, but lay very near to Sanderson's heart. Perhaps some other educational genius may carry it to

completion. Mr. Wells makes the glowing prediction:

"I know surely that neither Sanderson nor his House of Vision are in any real sense dead at all. A day will certainly come when his name will be honored above all other contemporary schoolmasters as the precursor of a new age in education and human affairs. In that age of realization, every village will be dominated by its school, with its library and theaters, its laboratories and gymnasium, every town will converge upon its cluster of schools and colleges, its research buildings and the like, and it will have its Great Chapel, its House of Vision, as its crown and symbol even as the cathedral was the crown and symbol of the being and devotion of the medieval city. And therein Sanderson's stout hopefulness and pioneer thrustings will be kept in remembrance by generations that have come up to the pitch of understanding him."



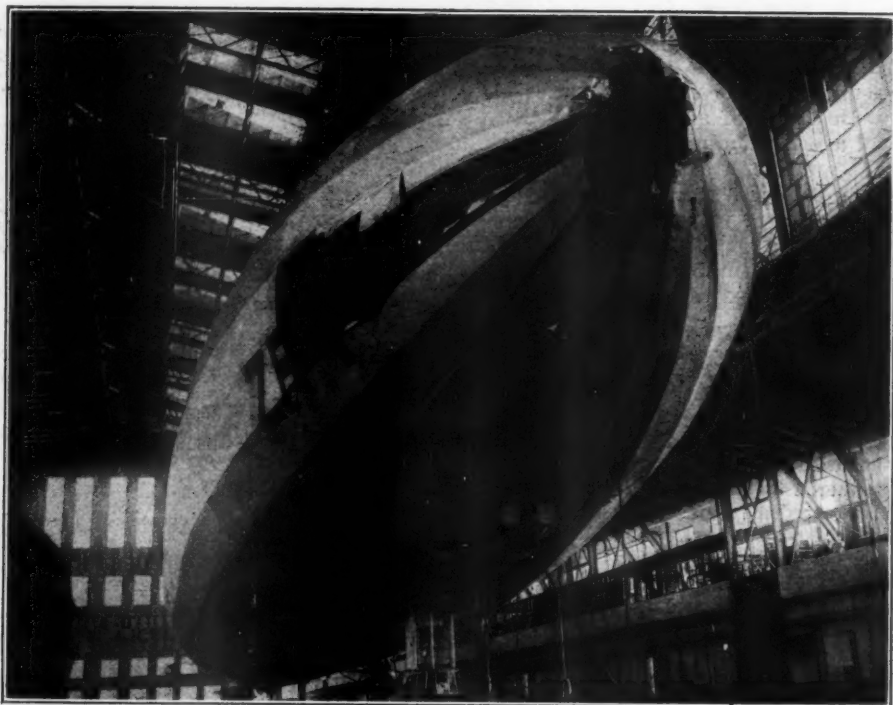
THE PRECURSOR OF A NEW AGE IN EDUCATION?
H. G. Wells predicts that Sanderson, of Oundle, will one day be honored above all other contemporary schoolmasters.

POLAR PERILS AWAIT THE SHENANDOAH

SCIENTISTS are not lacking who share the feeling of many laymen that, despite the claims made for the scientific value of the projected flight of the dirigible *Shenandoah* over the North Pole and of the observations to be made, the main object of the trip is, to quote the *New York Times*, "merely to furnish another dramatic sensation." For "the history of almost every well-known dirigible has been the history of a disaster. The *C-2* was wrecked. Forty-three men lost their lives on the *ZR-2*. Thirty-four persons perished on the *Roma*. Fifty men have gone with the unknown fate of the *Dixmude*. At the close of the war figures

made public by the Germans showed that out of eighty-three Zeppelins sent out altogether, sixty-six were destroyed."

The fact that the *Shenandoah* successfully weathered a 72-mile-an-hour gale, which tore her from her aerial mooring at Lakehurst, N. J., last month, strengthens the opinion of her champions that the great dirigible is fully capable of making the Arctic flight: Nevertheless, Herbert J. Browne, the Washington meteorologist, a pioneer in the science of long-range weather forecasting, regards the experiment with a skeptical eye, notwithstanding the calculations of naval experts and



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SOMEWHAT DISFIGURED, BUT STILL A CONQUEROR OF THE AIR

Anchored safely in her monster hangar at Lakehurst, N. J., the dirigible *Shenandoah* is declared to have proved her airworthiness by battling for five hours with a 72-mile gale, which tore her from her aerial anchorage.

others as to wind currents and other atmospheric conditions which might appear to promise success. He feels certain that at the time of year (next summer), when the flight is to be made, with the sun above the horizon in the Arctic, the prevailing conditions in the upper atmosphere will be of heavy fogs and violent gales and that the delicate structure of the great airship never will be able to withstand them. He says, in the *Boston Transcript*:

"To send her north on the errand will cost a million dollars [Secretary Denby estimates it at \$183,000] and perhaps fifty lives. The season will be one of so heavy fogs that the travelers will be unable to see the surface at all, while gales of a frequent intensity of seventy-five miles an hour will be the rule. The peculiarity of these gales is that they will include whirls of at least 750 feet in length, which would twist an airship like the *Shenandoah* about like a rope. Neither the duralumin, of which she is constructed, nor the silk covering, will be able to withstand the tremendous strain when the gale creates a vacuum on one side, and on the other she is subjected to the most tremendous pressure conceivable. I do not believe she will stand one chance in fifty of getting through safely. Even if no fog is found and the ship is able to make her way in the open, I fail to see the scientific advantage of the trip, which will consume only three or four days. This is not long enough to prove of practical scientific use, for the highs and lows in that region change every week, and the ship must travel with the winds, with an utmost speed of not more than fifty to sixty miles an hour, and I do not believe a straight flight is possible."

On the other hand, Major E. H. Bowie, supervising forecaster of the



Courtesy N. Y. Evening Telegram

THE PROPOSED AIR ROUTE ACROSS THE NORTH POLE TO SPITZBERGEN AND BACK

The inserts describe the nature of the territory over which the *Shenandoah* will fly, and the mileage between stopping places also is indicated on the map. According to present plans the huge airship will start from its hangar at Lakehurst, N. J., and fly to Fort Worth, Texas. From there the following stops are to be made: San Diego, Cal.; Seattle, Wash.; Nome, Alaska; Point Barrow, Alaska, and across the pole.

U. S. Weather Bureau, expresses the opinion, in *Science Service*, that discoveries may be made of great value in forecasting North American weather.

"If land is discovered in that vast region, and especially if it be of large area, it might possibly serve as a location for an outpost of the Weather Bureau to stand guard over this breeding place of cold waves. The entire polar cap is a vast

reservoir into which flows, settles and becomes unduly cold the air of the northward flowing currents from southern latitudes, and especially is this true during the long winter night of the polar region, a night which north of the Arctic Circle begins in September and ends in March. These northward flowing aerial rivers, chilled on their way north, by contact with ice and snow-covered surfaces, and by rapid loss of heat by radiation, pass on to the polar basin, settle to the earth's surface and build up, it is believed, a great semi-permanent area of high barometric pressure. This results from the increasing weight of the cold air, and to this the incoming air, flowing in aloft from regions farther south, is added."

Pointing out that some dangers of aviation will be measurably decreased for the *Shenandoah*, insofar as "the floating ice fields will provide islands of refuge such as are not to be found in other oceans," D. M. Le Bourdais says, in *The Nation*, that "should the *Shenandoah* succeed in reaching Nome safely there seems little reason to doubt that it could quite as easily cross the Arctic Ocean—barring, of course, such accidents as might occur in New Jersey, France, or elsewhere."

A report that Captain Frank R. McCrary, who has been in command of the

dirigible, but whose tenure of office is precarious, had expressed doubts as to her fitness for Arctic exploration, has been contradicted by him. There, however, appear to be wide differences of opinion between him and the two experts who helped to build the ship, Captain Anton Heinen, German expert and consulting engineer, and Commander Ralph D. Weyerbacher, American construction manager; but these men, in turn, even though they favor the trip, believe that important changes will have to be made in the dirigible to make it fit.

The leading criticism made of the *Shenandoah* is that its cruising radius is restricted by insufficient lifting capacity. Two suggestions have been made to increase this. The first is to substitute the inflammable hydrogen for the present non-inflammable helium. The other is to increase the length of the vessel from 680 to 710 feet, inserting two additional gas bags. Even if this change could be made without weakening the rigid framework which surrounds the gas bags, the mere increase in the length of the airship without a proportionate increase in its depth and beam would seem likely to be a source of added weakness.

INSECT SPEECH MADE AUDIBLE BY NEW MICROPHONE

ANOTHER product of the study of the infinitesimal comes in the announced discovery, by Dr. Phillips Thomas, of the ultra-microphone, by which, it is said, the speech of insects, otherwise inaudible to human beings, can be heard. The claim for the instrument is that it will do for the human ear what the microscope does for the eye.

Although its main interest and value have to do with revealing sounds made by tiny organisms in communication with each other, it has important uses in the radio transmission of music. In its experimental stage, according to

S. M. Kintner, research director for the Westinghouse company, which fosters the invention, the microphone has been used successfully to transmit by radio the highest notes of the voice and of musical instruments which the ordinary transmitter and receiver reproduce as mere noises. For instance:

"The musical note we call middle C is produced by a sound vibrating 256 to the second. The average telephone can transmit and receive sounds vibrating not over 5,000 a second. At 12,000 vibrations per second, we reach the upper limit of musical sound for most ears, and at 20,000 the sound is too fine to reach the average

human ear. With the new device, which will register sounds of an infinite number of vibrations from 20,000 up, we will be able to reproduce and record all the sounds of the earth of which heretofore we have remained in complete ignorance."

The device consists of a ring of insulating material on the inner side of which two tiny electrodes are set opposite. A high voltage is passed through the electrode, producing a soft, purplish glow discharge as it flows through the air between them. This flowing light is highly sensitive to sounds and causing changes in the flow of current which can be transmitted to reproducing machines or recorded by a stylus.

As *Science Service* observes of the uses of the device, in studying the social organizations of some insects—certain tribes of ants, for instance—the great puzzle to scientists has always been their means of communication. When the work of a single creature, as of a bird building her nest, is contemplated, the explanation of instinct may serve to explain the skill shown, though the nature of instinct as distinguished from reason may be a puzzle too. But:

"When it comes to the marvelous cooperation shown by bees and ants in building their hives and hillocks the mystery can hardly be solved without assuming some way of exchanging ideas. The subdivision of the main task, and even more, the prompt unanimity with which accidents and unusual problems are met,



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THE DEVICE THAT WILL OPEN NEW WORLDS TO THE HUMAN SENSES

Dr. Phillips Thomas holding his ultra-microphone which records sounds with pitches of about a million vibrations, whereas the range of the human ear is limited to 20,000 vibrations a second.

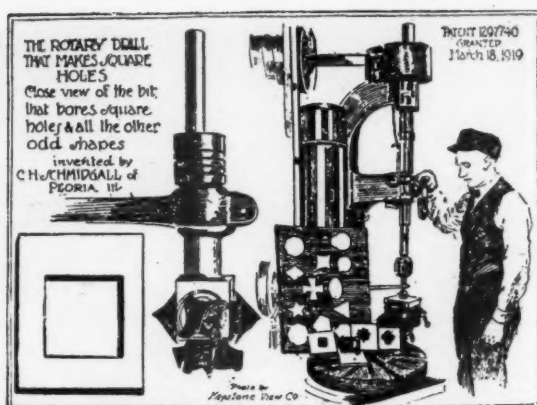
seem to make certain some sort of mutual understanding among insects. To say that these results, which take much speech among men, could be solved in other creatures by mere community of impulse, is to make an explanation that fails to explain. Now, if by means of Dr. Thomas's instrument, converting into audible sound waves as rapid as 20,000 to the second, and if this system of conversation between insects be discovered, the world will certainly have solved one of the heretofore baffling mysteries of nature."

A TOOL THAT BORES SQUARE HOLES

ROUNDNESS is an excellent quality in a hole if one wishes to fit into it a round peg. But what if it would serve the purpose better to use a square peg or one that is oval or

triangular or star or cross shaped? Then certainly it would be convenient to be able to bore a hole that is not round.

Hitherto carpenters have said that



A NEW MARVEL OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE

This machine that bores square holes in wood, steel or stone has been approved by leading universities and master mechanics of the country.

such a thing could not be done. To make a square hole it has been customary first to bore a round hole and then to gouge out the corners with that primitive tool, the chisel. But now comes an inventor, C. H. Schmidgall, of Peoria, Ill., to show that it is quite feasible to bore square holes or triangular ones, or, for that matter, holes

that are star-shaped or octagonal or in the form of a Maltese cross or what not.

His "rotary drill for boring square and other irregular-shaped holes in wood, steel or stone," as it is registered at the United States Patent Office, is the product of fourteen years of experiment and intensive effort. Yet the principle employed is almost embarrassingly simple — embarrassingly, that is, for the skeptics who have vehemently declared that the thing could not be done.

The basic principle is merely to adjust lateral boring devices, like auger ends of various shapes, to the same matrix that carries the ordinary auger.

The latter bores a round hole in advance; and the auxiliary augers, operating at right angles to the other, bore out the angles. A familiar type of "worm" gearing on the central shaft is said to actuate all the augers simultaneously.

BROADCASTING A MUSIC PROGRAM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

THE popularity of initial letters during the war is hardly comparable to the universal vogue which letter combinations, such as WGY, WEA, KDKA and 2LO are having at the moment. KDKA is the Westinghouse station at Pittsburgh, Pa., which has flashed into fame by transmitting a radio program a distance of 3,300 miles to Biggin Hill, Kent, England, whence it was relayed to London and broadcasted over the British Isles.

The Pittsburgh transmitting station generates the same power as is generated at Biggin Hill, a disused aerodome station on the North Downs of Kent, in which is installed a nine-valve set; with

an aerial of cage-form suspended from a sixty-foot mast. The tiny impulses received on this aerial were magnified or amplified between a million and two million times, and as a consequence what had reached the aerial as an almost infinitesimal current could be transmitted in strength from Biggin Hill to 2LO, the London headquarters of the B. B. C.

The amplified message was not transmitted from Kent to London by wireless, reports the London *Graphic*, but was sent over an ordinary telephone system, and on its receipt at 2LO the telephone current was fed into other valves (in principle the same as those used in the receiver on the North Downs, but dif-



Courtesy London Graphic

THE LATEST WONDER IN WIRELESS

The path of the wireless music and speech program from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Biggin Hill, Kent, England, which was broadcasted over the British Isles.

ferent in construction and very much larger) and broadcasted on 2LO's ordinary wave-length of 365 meters.

"Thus KDKA'S program of speech and music reached at its second broadcasting the homes of England, up and down the country, in easily recognizable form. Well-known songs (including an old one, by the way, 'I've Been Out With Charlie Brown'—a distinctly 'wet' song to emanate from a 'dry' country) and the inevitable selec-

tions from 'Tannhäuser' were received with astonishingly little distortion, which, of course, was less apparent in the music than in the speech. Much of the speeches was blurred, but every now and then words came out with remarkable clearness and with a twang which surely betrayed their origin. An almost complete concert was received, and this was not only broadcasted from 2LO, but sent by handline to all the other B. B. C. stations, which broadcasted the program simultaneously."

CONFUSING CYCLONES AND TORNADOES

A VAST system of winds blowing around a center of low atmospheric pressure is called by meteorologists a "cyclone." Atmospheric disturbances of this character pass in endless procession across the United States, at intervals of a few days, in a general direction from west to east. They are usually several hundred thousand square miles in area, and they move, on an average, at a rate of 600 to 700 miles a day. They are by far the most important factor in controlling the weather of the country, says a Department of Agriculture bulletin.

The most violent storms known anywhere occur in the Middle West, and

most frequently in late spring and summer. Their most conspicuous feature is a whirling black cloud, hanging from a mass of dark storm clouds. This cloud may be funnel shaped, or balloon shaped, or like the trunk of a large elephant. It is really a waterspout on land, though larger than the marine waterspout. Wherever it touches the earth it accomplishes surpassing feats of devastation. At any given place, such a storm is an exceedingly rare event, though several such storms occur every year. They are known to meteorologists as "tornadoes." In popular parlance they are almost universally but incorrectly described as "cyclones."



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER, whose portrait of his mother, entitled "An Arrangement in Gray and Black," still awaits admission to the Louvre, once observed that there never has been an art-loving nation. The observation tends to take the sting out of the charge made by a writer, Newton Arvin, in *The Freeman*, that "American life has not made room for poetry"; and that the cultural gap between the writers is so great that they have no access "to a common fund of emotional vulgar experience" (like their confrères abroad) and so lapse into a tangential attitude to life or an effort to evade it.

One could object with another writer in the same journal, Louis Untermeyer, that, on the mere showing of figures, American life decidedly *has* made room for its poets, and support the objection by pointing to some eighteen or twenty contemporary magazines devoted exclusively to verse publication, in addition to numerous annual anthologies—to say nothing of the hundreds of volumes of verse published annually in this country. What, queries the anthologist of "American Poetry Since 1900," is meant by "room" and, even more precisely, by "American life"? What "room" has American life made for such distinguished and diverse prose-talents as Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Waldo Frank, who appear to have found their place? If the complaint is that the humus of American life is not favorable to the production of poetry, the plaintiff "should have made his charge general enough to include all literature, art, music—and blamed not America nor even the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race, but the whole level of human existence." Has, as Mr. Arvin would have us be-

lieve, American poetry died? Not yet, we should say, with the music and magic of such another volume as "The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems" (Harper) freshly in the air. Many poems in this new collection by Miss Millay have already appeared in these columns. Among others that are very delightful of their exceptional kind, beside the title poem which is too long to quote, are:

SPRING SONG

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I KNOW why the yellow forsythia
Holds its breath and will not bloom,
And the robin thrusts his beak in his wing.

Want me to tell you? Think you can
bear it?

Cover your eyes with your hand and hear
it.

You know how cold the days are still?
And everybody saying how late the
Spring is?

Well—cover your eyes with your hand—
the thing is,
There isn't going to be any Spring.

*No parking here! No parking here!
They said to Spring: No parking here!*

Spring came on as she always does,
Laid her hand on the yellow forsythia,—
Little boys turned in their sleep and
smiled,

Dreaming of marbles, dreaming of agates;
Little girls leapt from their beds to see
Spring come by with her painted wagons,
Colored wagons creaking with wonder—
Laid her hand on the robin's throat;
When up comes you-know-who, my dear,
You-know-who in a fine blue coat,
And says to Spring: No parking here!

*No parking here! No parking here!
Move on! Move on! No parking here!*

Come walk with me in the city gardens.
(Better keep an eye out for you-know-who)

Did ever you see such a sickly showing?—
Middle of June, and nothing growing;
The gardeners peer and scratch their heads

And drop their sweat on the tulip-beds,
But not a blade thrusts through.

Come, move on! Don't you know how to walk?

No parking here! And no back-talk!

Oh, well,—hell, it's all for the best.
She certainly made a lot of clutter,
Dropping petals under the trees,
Taking your mind off your bread and butter.

Anyhow, it's nothing to me.
I can remember, and so can you.
(Though we'd better watch out for you-know-who,
When we sit around remembering Spring.)

We shall hardly notice in a year or two.
You can get accustomed to anything.

FEAST

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I DRANK at every vine.
The last was like the first.
I came upon no wine
So wonderful as thirst.

I gnawed at every root.
I ate of every plant.
I came upon no fruit
So wonderful as want.

Feed the grape and bean
To the vintner and monger;
I will lie down lean
With my thirst and my hunger.

SCRUB

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

IF I grow bitterly,
Like a gnarled and stunted tree,
Bearing harshly of my youth
Puckered fruit that sears the mouth;
If I make of my drawn boughs
An inhospitable house,
Out of which I never pry
Towards the water and the sky,
Under which I stand and hide
And hear the day go by outside;
It is that a wind too strong

Bent my back when I was young,
It is that I fear the rain
Lest it blister me again.

In a slender volume entitled "Turning Earth" (Harold Vinal: Boston), by Power Dalton, whose name is familiar to readers of all-poetry as distinguished from general magazines, we find no dearth of what seems to us to be authentic poetry. For instance:

FLAIL

BY POWER DALTON

WHAT do I care for sorrow,
What if my heart is wrung!
There are words that must be written
Songs that must be sung. . . .

Defoe lay down in Newgate,
Raleigh went to gaol,
Shakespeare, Dante, many yielded
Under sorrow's flail.

How could a little tinker
Ever hope to sing
Without prison or, at least,
Grief and suffering. . . .

Travail is a bitter thing,
Let my heart be wrung—
There are words that must be written,
Songs that must be sung.

FINITE

BY POWER DALTON

I DID not question anything
As I went through the sun,
I watched the light wind crackle
And the grass run;

Thin shadows huddled in my patch
When the dark came down—
Then I found myself a stranger
In my own town.

SYMBOLS

BY POWER DALTON

THROUGH century on century,
Helen must reign—gloriously!

Elaine upon her lily bed
Must sail and sail, though she is dead.

Down to Camelot she must go,
We like to look upon her so!

These are the symbols we like best:
Imperious Helen, Elaine at rest,

Cold as the north pole,—Helen, the south;
One had a white brow, one a sweet mouth;

One a lover, one forced to refrain—
(Does it matter now, Helen, Elaine?)

An abiding, or shall we say Sapphic?
melancholy suffuses the following two
lyrics which are part of a group en-
titled *Autumn Nights*, in *The New
Republic*:

NEVER AGAIN

BY SARA TEASDALE

NEVER again the songs that blew as
brightly
Off of my heart as foam blows off a
wave;
Never again the music that so lightly
Caressed my grief and healed the
wounds it gave;

Never again—I hear my dark thoughts
clashing
Sullen and dull as waves that beat a
wall—
Age that is coming, summer that is going,
All I have lost, or never found at all.

FROST

BY SARA TEASDALE

I SHALL have winter now, and lessen-
ing days,
Lit by a smoky sun with slanting rays,
And after falling leaves, the first deter-
mined frost;
The colors of the world will all be lost.
So be it; the faint buzzing of the snow
Will fill the empty boughs,
And after sleet-storms I shall wake to see
A glittering glassy plume of every tree.
Nothing shall tempt me from my firelit
house,
And I shall find at night a friendly ember
And make my life of what I can remember.

By way of contrast to the foregoing
verses, so invested with autumnal mel-
ancholy, consider the buoyant optimism
in the contemplation of death that per-
vades the following sturdy lines, which
we find in *The Outlook*:

THE AWAKENING

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

BEFORE our earth-life falters to its
close,
Out of the dark within dawns a new
life,
Strange, vivid, beautiful, remote from
strife,
Fresh as the closed bud breaking for the
rose.
This is the spirit that shall know not
death,
The self long hidden, the immortal part,
Watching the slow decline of brain and
heart,
Beating its wings for freedom and deep
breath.

Whether a coat of pride is synony-
mous with a singing robe is a matter
of opinion, but there is evidence in the
following song, from *The Measure*, that
the author is acquainted with the
Weaver Who Clad the Summer:

A PROUD SONG

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

THE saints who love the Crucified
Are humble, for their wealth is
great;
They may go royally arrayed
With color of their high estate.

But I, who am no saint at all,
And poor in every priceless thing,
Put on a draggled coat of pride
That I may face the world and sing.

Oh, I would gladly lay it by
As cumbersome and ill to bear,
But Father, pity poverty—
I have no other coat to wear.

Also in *The Measure* we find the fol-
lowing sonnet by one of our favorite
and foremost sonnet makers:

SCARS

BY DAVID MORTON

THE smell of ruin in the autumn air,
When rusty twilights come too early
down,
Will take the hearts of strong men un-
aware,
And lure them from the friendly, lighted
town,—

To walk old, lonely roadways where they
learn
Again of summers that have come to husk,
Where smoky stars like low-hung lanterns
burn
Above the crumbling borders of the dusk.
On littered ways where leaves are crisp
and curled,
And mist comes in between the passing
shapes,
There go the lone and desolate of the
world,
Wrapped in their thoughtful silences like
capes,
Walking dark roads beneath the autumn
stars,
Each with his hidden and historic scars.

Who, other than the late Theodore
Roosevelt, could have inspired this quat-
rain which has an inconspicuous place
in *Poetry* (Chicago)?

PRESIDENT EMERITUS

BY JOSEPHINE POLLITT

BOOKS he would gladly give,
Gold, success, and all,
For a dog's nose against his hand,
And the catch in a wild bird's call.

Sincerity of emotion and a fine mas-
tery of expression seem to us to be evi-
denced in this sonorous lyric-soliloquy
which we reprint with compliments to
The Literary Review of the New York
Evening Post:

THE VIGIL

BY EDWARD DAVISON

BEAT on, dull bell! Mark me this
feeble hour
That cannot come again. Two . . .
three . . . so soon!
And not an echo left to overpower
The silence of a night without a moon.

By what last vanity of hope deceived
Sought I to see her? Now that earth's a
dream
To mock the minds of men who sleep ag-
grieved
By their own crippled hearts, at what
extreme,

Of mad imagining life am I who sought
Her house in this dark night? There's
not a sound

That whispers louder than my silent
thought
In all the world, even to the farthest
bound.

How like a stone I stand, fixed, rigid, chill
And yet not senseless, for I heard the
chime—
When matters nothing, though I listen
still:
Maybe an hour's gone by. I'll count the
time.

One minute . . . two . . . how dark the
windows . . . three . . .
Her house how dark . . . four, so . . .
perhaps she'll wake
And look across. But she'll not wake for
thee,
Poor fool . . . five—let it go . . . not
for thy sake:

Never, though Time on the meridian stops
And thy long ranting's done; aye, not till
then
When such another darkness downward
drops
As this that hides her, never to rise again.

In *Palms* (Guadalajara, Mexico), an
all-poetry magazine whose contributions
are published anonymously, we find
the ensuing couplets, the author of
which we guess to be Elizabeth Madox
Roberts:

THE KNOWLEDGEABLE CHILD

I ALWAYS see, I don't know why,
If any person's going to die:

That's why nobody talks to me.
There was a man who came to tea

And when I saw that he would die
I went to him and said, "Good-bye,

I shall not see you any more."
He died that evening. Then, next door,

They had a little girl; she died
Nearly as quick, and Mummy cried

And cried, and ever since that day
She's made me promise not to say.

But folks are still afraid of me,
And, where they've children, nobody

Will let me next nor nigh to them
For fear I'll say good-bye to them.

FRANCE FLIRTS WITH THE FRANC

FRANCE was financially sick when the great war broke upon Europe, and her condition is rapidly passing from the precarious to the critical stage, with the franc selling at the lowest price in the history of the Third Republic. Will it go lower, will it go higher, or will it be stabilized at the present price of around 5 cents? As a student of finance, Frederick Hanssen, observes, in *The Financial World*, no currency has ever had the percentage decline of the franc and recovered to its par value.

The total wealth of France is estimated at about 1,000 billion francs. Her debt, exclusive of that to Great Britain and the United States, is about 300 billion francs. The ratio of wealth to debt is about three to one. Our wealth is estimated at 390 billion dollars and our debt around 20 billion, half of which is owing to us by more or less solvent European nations, or a ratio of wealth to debt of about twenty to one.

France has lost perhaps eighty-five per cent. of her foreign credits since the war. A large part of her investments were in Russia and southeastern Europe. Her other visible exports yielded little or nothing from 1914 to 1919, and to add to her difficulties, writes John F. Sinclair, in *The New Republic*, France has bought during the past ten years goods worth approximately \$12,000,000,000 more outside her country than the goods she sold outside.

"With all allowance for invisible exports, this huge excess of imports has left France heavily indebted, not only to foreign governments but to foreign private financial institutions. This foreign debt presents a more serious problem than the domestic debt, because it has to be paid either in gold or in goods valued in gold. Actually to pay off her foreign debt, public and private, would impose on France the necessity of selling for fifty years an average of \$750,000,000 more in goods than she buys. Only by enormously

increasing her production, and vastly curtailing her consumption, could she do this. How difficult it is, can be understood when we know that in no year during the last twenty-five has France ever sold outside as much as she has bought. That is the real reason she has not been able to pay even the interest on her foreign debts to either the United States or Great Britain."

Moreover, the French public debt interest, pensions and reparation expenses now absorb seventy-six cents of every dollar raised in France for the government. And the government revenue is less than fifty per cent. of what she spends. France knows, we are assured, that her one salvation from bankruptcy and debt repudiation lies in surplus production which can be sold on the world market in competition with others who are producing cheaper. She must have coke and coal and the price must be low. Where can she get them so that she may become economically independent? The answer, of course, is the Ruhr. Germany produced 190,000,000 tons of coal in 1922, and 114,000,000 of it came from the Ruhr.

"A year ago France entered the Ruhr, not to make Germany pay reparations, but first and foremost, to get cheap coal and coke, to assist her in lowering her production costs so that her competition on the world market would be more effective, and she would be well supplied in the new death struggle which is surely and swiftly approaching.

"In a word, France now almost able to feed herself from her own production, and driven almost to madness by her financial difficulties, has definitely cast her weight into the scale pan of civilization on the side of business nationalism and financial economic imperialism. She has come to the conclusion that her future welfare lies more and more along that line, backed up by such military strength as is necessary to get results. It is only a short step from this position to that of the military and economic dictator of Europe.

"The invasion of the Ruhr by France . . . is the most momentous event which has occurred in our generation. It is infinitely more far-reaching in its effect on Europe and the world, than the invasion of Belgium by Germany in 1914. And the appalling thing about the whole tragedy is the ignorance of the common people of France as to the purposes of the present government, controlled by Poincaré and the industrialists. Within France, there

does not seem to be much chance for a change."

This writer foresees that when the French peasant refuses to buy any more bonds from the government, France has only one course open: the one Russia and Germany and Poland and Hungary and Austria have taken. To-day "she is fast moving into that position."

THE LABOR BANKING PHENOMENON

THE extent to which labor unions have gone into banking is indicated by the fact that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Cooperative Trust Company, opened the other day in New York City with \$500,000 capital and \$250,000 surplus, is the ninth financial institution set in action by that organization which boasts \$192,000,000 in outstanding insurance and pays \$3,000,000 a year upon that account. This makes four labor banks that have opened for business in the metropolis within a year. Throughout the country twenty such institutions are in operation and as many more are projected.

What does it mean? Is it going to be helpful to the workingman? Is it going to harm capitalistic interests? Richard Boeckel, in his pioneer book on "Labor's Money" (Harcourt - Brace), attributes the phenomenon to the realization by trades-unionists of the failure of their tactics in the past. He conceives them as convinced that they are at the end of their rope and that no material progress is to be expected through avenues of collective bargaining. "The substantial progress of the future must be made by excursions into the fields of business and industrial control; and of all spots where such control may be tried banking affords the readiest and most attractive possibilities." Frank A. Vanderlip, former head of the National City Bank, disagrees with this conclusion. In his optimistic opinion, expressed in the *New York World*, "it seems likely to

be a really important educational influence. It will, of course, educate labor; but not labor alone. It will educate employers to a better understanding of the capacity and abilities of their employees. It may even educate old-line bankers in regard to the possibilities of cooperative effort in the banking field. The prime value of the movement will be education. It will be education of a kind that will tend toward industrial stability and national prosperity."

Leo Wolman admits, in *The New Republic*, that "the vigorous support given the movement may be due to a clear vision of future business control," but "the success of the first experiment in proving the labor bank useful to both labor organizations and their constituencies really explains the rapid spread of the movement." In other words, the labor bank satisfies needs not met by other banks. A specific instance is the entry by the banks of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers into the business of remitting money to Russia, after the banking authorities of New York had, on account of the losses incident to speculation in ruble exchange, forbidden banks to engage in this business. But many of the members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, like those of the other trade-unions, are foreign-born and have friends and families in Russia to whom they wish to send money. The Amalgamated Bank of New York began, less than a year ago, sending actual American dollars into Russia. Up to the present time, through this service nearly 90,000



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PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF A NEW LABOR BANK OF THE METROPOLIS
Warren S. Stone and Helen Varick Boswell head the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Cooperative Trust Co. in New York, the ninth bank to be started under the Brotherhood auspices.

persons have sent \$2,200,000 to Russia.

The case is typical. Clients of such banks regard these institutions as their own, and, as the *New Republic* writer points out, can deal with them with a freedom and assurance that do not characterize their relations with other banks, for among the officers of the labor bank, which has a technical personnel like any other, there is at least one representative of the union, designated to see to it that the bank meets the requirements of its depositors.

The practical results, so far as the individual members of the unions are concerned, are an increase in savings accounts, and considerable evidence that labor banks contribute to increased ownership of homes among workingmen. The primary object of the labor bank, however, is the building up of resources, and its activities are likewise those of any other commercial or savings bank.

The potential resources of labor banks are enormous. A large proportion of the saving and capital accumulation of the country is done by wage-earners, a fair share of whom are members of labor organizations.

A recent report of the Federal Reserve Bank, based on the returns of 885 banks distributed through the United States, shows an increase in savings deposits in the last year of nearly \$600,000,000, or about ten per cent. The total savings deposits of the same banks are nearly \$7,000,000,000. Assuming an annual wage-earners' income of, say, \$30,000,000,000, it is not hard to regard the future of labor finance with assurance. So far, we read, workingmen have not come to their own banks in vast numbers. But "an ever-increasing diversion of resources may be expected after labor banks have lived through a period of trial, proving that they can operate safely and profitably."

CROPS INCREASE EIGHT BILLIONS IN VALUE

EVIDENTLY the condition of the American farmer is not so precarious as political calamity-howlers have been declaring, if we are to credit the Department of Agriculture which reports larger acre yields and better prices generally for most of the important farm crops of the country, combined with an increase of about 600,000 acres in the aggregate planted area, lifting the total value of the 1923 crops \$872,891,000 above that of the year preceding. Last year's crops were valued at \$8,322,695,000.

Corn, which does not manage to get nearly as much publicity as wheat, is nevertheless the nation's most valuable crop, with a total value of \$2,222,013,000. Cotton ranks second, with an aggregate value of \$1,768,885,000, the value of the lint being \$1,563,347,000, and of cottonseed \$205,538,000. Hay was the only other crop whose value ex-

ceeded a billion dollars, its total being \$1,390,967,000.

The acre yield of corn averaged one bushel an acre more than the 1922 acre yield, and the price was almost 7 cents a bushel more, while the total production was 3,054,395,000 bushels, or 148,000,000 bushels larger. The area planted was 1,312,000 acres more than in 1922, and the value about \$311,000,000 more.

Winter wheat yields averaged seven tenths of a bushel an acre more than the year preceding, and the total production was only about 14,000,000 bushels less than that of 1922 on an area of 2,836,000 acres less than that year.

Yields of spring wheat were 2.7 bushels an acre less than the previous year, the area was about 1,200,000 acres less and the total product about 77,000,000 bushels less. The area of cotton picked was about 4,400,000 acres more than the year before.

MAKING MAH JONGG TILES IS AN IMPORTANT CHINESE INDUSTRY

THAT society will go far afield for means of recreation and amusement or for the gratification of a "fad," is demonstrated by the popularity of mah jongg (pronounced as if written "march on"), a game borrowed from China, the craze for which has spread in an incredibly short time throughout the United States.

The outfit with which the game is played is exclusively of Chinese manufacture and, says the *Exporters and Importers Journal*, has become an important branch of industry in that country. The various pieces are all handmade and there is not much likelihood of American competition, because "the employment of machinery or mechanical aids not being practical, the cheap and patient Chinese labor is

likely to retain its monopoly of the industry."

As shown in the accompanying illustrations, very primitive tools and appliances are employed, the manual skill required is not of a high order and the prices obtained for the finished product prohibit the employment of labor at an American wage scale. Parenthetically, some of the highest priced outfits, into which ivory, jade and other choice materials enter, are creditable specimens of the careful, patient work for which the Chinese artisan is renowned.

The majority of mah jongg pieces, called tiles, somewhat resembling dominoes in form and size, are made of bone, with a bamboo backing, the characters being engraved on the face and



SAWING RAW SHIN BONE TILES TO THE PROPER SIZE IN A CHINESE MAH JONGG FACTORY



WORKMEN IN A NATIVE MAH JONGG FACTORY COLORING THE TILES FOR EXPORT TO THE "WESTERN BARBARIANS"

filled in with enamel of different colors. Bone of close texture that will take a fine, smooth finish is selected and sawed into the size and shape required of mah jongg tiles. After passing through the various processes of engraving, polishing, etc., they are turned over to the colorists, who are shown at work applying the proper colors, all handwork and calling for some skill. The pieces thus prepared are assorted into sets, a certain number of each denomination to each set, and with the dice, counters, etc., required in playing the game, are packed, each set boxed separately, the higher

class quality being put up in neatly made cabinets, in some instances tastefully decorated and lacquered, separate trays or drawers being provided for the different tiles and other paraphernalia. The sets are then inspected and packed for transportation overseas to the "western barbarians."

Mah jongg has not as yet attained the dignity of a separate classification in the official lists of our imports from China, but judging from the widespread popularity of the game and the large sales of sets reported by retail dealers it is an important item in our list of imports from the Orient.

UNCLE SAM NEED NOT FREEZE FOR 6,000 YEARS

THE coal resources of the United States will last 6,033 years at the present rate of consumption, 586,000,000 metric tons a year, according to the *Coal Trade Journal*, which estimates the total metric tons of lignite, sub-bituminous, bituminous, semi-bituminous, anthracite and semi-anthracite at 3,535,303,000,000 tons.

These figures do not include the recently discovered vast Alaskan coal fields which, we are assured, can supply the Pacific States for 1,000 years, the imperfectly explored coal fields in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and the

Rocky Mountains generally, or the deeplying coal deposits which at present there is no profitable means of mining. Neither does the estimated consumption consider the saving of coal which may be effected by more efficient mining and consumption. It is calculated that a saving of 600,000,000 tons a year is possible. Moreover, the United States is now supplying fifty per cent. of the world's coal. Newly discovered mines in Siberia, Japan, China, India, Australia and New Zealand may soon reduce the necessity for so large an output.



MOST readers know Hendrik Willem Van Loon as the author of the "Story of Mankind" and of the "Story of the Bible." How many know him as a columnist who for long has been doing his daily "stint" for the *Baltimore Sun*? A perusal of scores of his recent columns, written in large part in Europe, but continued since his return to America, leaves an impression not only of subtlety and of philosophic breadth, but also of almost exhaustless mental energy.

One of the most effective of Van Loon's recent bits in the *Sun* is keyed to the name of his fellow-countryman Spinoza, and has to do with the eternal struggle between fact and fancy. "If Spinoza," he says, "could distil the Absolute and the Infinite out of mathematical formulas, we ought to be able to do the same with the present state of society." He continues:

"Man is faced by the Facts of this Year of Grace.

"He tries, after the nature of the beast, to solve these brutal Facts with the help of his Fancy, which is the product of half a million years of erroneous reasoning, complicated by every variety of prejudice and hobby

and fad and bias inherited from countless generations of ancestors.

"In short, the human race lives in an edifice of Fancy which was constructed for the greater part in the outgoing Middle Ages and which is entirely surrounded by Facts which are of and by and for the present day.

"Man looks at these Facts through the astigmatic glasses left him by his ancestors.

"He fails to see them in their true proportion.

"He does not understand them because he discusses them in the terms which he inherited from his great-great-grandfathers.

"He is like the captain of a fifteenth-century frigate, called upon to sail the latest of our Dreadnoughts.

"He takes to prayer when he ought to take to radio.

:: :: ::

"Man is a free agent or was supposed to be such a critter until a very short time ago.

"If he likes to ruin his world of Facts by his loyalty to Fancy, that is his own business, and the gods will pardon him.

"But they won't like his whining.

"Just now this planet world is wheezing with a loud noise of complaint against the bitter cruelty of nature.

"But nature is not cruel.

"It just is.



HENDRIK VAN LOON AS A PILGRIM IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH ABOUT THINGS
One of the scores of drawings made by Van Loon for his column in the *Baltimore Sun*.

"It is Man's job to study and understand that 'is.'"

"If he insists upon denying the 'is' and insists upon a beatification of the 'was,' so much the worse for himself."

"He is like a poor Sicilian peasant who has knelt down before his Patron Saint right in the path of the oncoming lava."

"He may fondly believe that Fancy will overcome Fact."

"He may even die a happy death, because he remains steadfast to his conviction."

"But he will be just as dead."



WHY NOT?

Hendrik Van Loon's suggestion that beer is as good a common denominator as any other is worth thinking about.

Another of the best of Mr. Van Loon's recent screeds has to do with the controversy between the fundamentalists and the modernists. He was asked, upon his return from Europe, to pass some kind of a final verdict upon the dispute; but this he refused to do, on the ground that he could not take it seriously. "I have tried to show," as he put it, "that this futile and ill-mannered and acrimonious dispute is not going to do any good to anyone, that it is going to do endless harm to every man, woman and child of the land, that it is an outrage upon our modern intelligence, that it will undo all the work of the Apostles of Tolerance—that, in short, it is worse than earthquake, plague and flood rolled into one." A few days later, he wrote in the *New York Times*:

"I have been a newspaper man for the greater part of my life, and I never yet saw a tragedy which was not relieved, sooner or later, by a bit of that comedy which the gods in their wisdom and mercy invented to save the race from despair and wholesale self-destruction."

"Why the drama enacted nineteen hun-

dred years ago in a small provincial town in the Syrian hinterland should have the one and only exception I do not know."

"All the more as the chief actor in that sublime play was enormously human and thoroughly despised those qualities which we now head together as Puritanism."

"I remember an old friend, a veritable tower of a man."

"He was a priest in a small Flemish village."

"He was the embodied soul of the entire countryside."

"And I remember how one day a dreary

and insistent apostle of certain Methodist verities came to bother him with a certain point of obscure and irrelevant dogma."

"The debate would have lasted three years."

"At the end it would have been followed by thirty years of religious war and by a century of pestilence."

"My Flemish friend leisurely filled his clay pipe."

"This is a happy village," he said. "Some believe one thing. Others believe something different. We all agree upon one point. The beer at the 'Holy Kings from Babylon' is good. Come and have a glass."

"The disciple of Doctor Calvinus fled and wrote a book."

"The other drank his beer and never wrote a single sentence."

"Now they are both dead."

"They have both gone to heaven."

"One is working twelve hours a day in a dark little room of the Accounting Department of the Bureau of Eternity."

"The other is right in the heart of the nursery where the little children go who died before they were born."

"It is his duty to see that they become good little angels."

"Has he succeeded?"

"Wait until you have a chance to see for yourself."

ROYAL MAIL

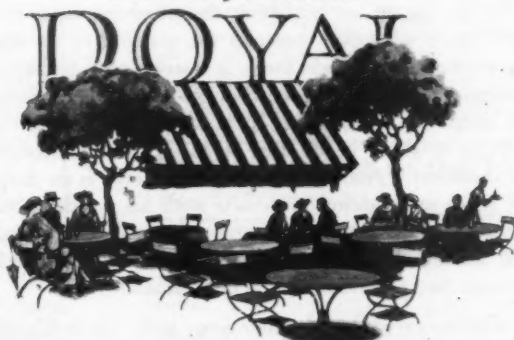
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Marshaling the Telephone Forces

In the simple act of lifting the telephone receiver from its hook every subscriber becomes the marshal of an army. At his service, as he needs them, a quarter of a million men and women are organized in the Bell System. One skilled corps of the telephone army moves to place him in talking connection with his neighbor in the next block, in the next state or across the continent. Another highly trained corps is on duty to keep the wires in condition to vibrate with his words. Still others are developing better apparatus and methods, manufacturing and adding new equipment, and installing new telephones to increase the subscriber's realm of command.

The terrain of the telephone army is the whole United States, dotted with 14,000,000 instruments, all within range of the subscriber's telephone voice. Even in the remote places this army provides equipment and supplies. Its methods of operation are constantly being improved, that each user may talk to his friends with increased efficiency. Millions of money are spent in its permanent works. Yet its costs of operation are studiously held to the minimum, that the subscriber may continue to receive the cheapest as well as the best telephone service in the world.

The permanent objective of the Bell System army is to meet the telephone needs of the nation—a hopeless task were not its command unified, its equipment adequately maintained and its personnel trained in the latest developments of telephone art.



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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
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One Policy, One System, Universal Service

THE SIXTH SENSE OF INDUSTRY

Tycos Temperature Control



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SIX SENSES
*Seeing
Feeling
Hearing
Smelling
Tasting
and
Tycos
Temperature
Control*

**If sense of "taste"
sufficed the canning industry!**

If the fitness of cooked food—its readiness for canning—were gauged simply by its taste, then ptomaine poisoning would be a scourge of the human race instead of a rare occurrence. The essence of successful food preservation is perfect cooking, to render the foods sterile, to kill the bacteria which cause decomposition. The essence of successful food sterilization is the accurate indicating, recording and controlling of temperatures. There is a well defined temperature point at which foods should be sterilized to insure the bacteria being killed. This cannot be told by the sense of taste or sight or any of the other familiar senses, but it can be, and is, absolutely assured by the "sixth sense" of industry—Temperature Control—made possible by Tycos Instruments.

Food in cans is sterilized by being heated by steam in pressure chambers. The canner cannot depend on the

usual senses for knowledge that the contents have reached and are being held at the right temperature. Again the "sixth sense"—again the temperature control, made possible by Tycos Instruments, plays its part.

It is a tribute to the accuracy of Tycos Temperature Indicating, Recording and Controlling Instruments that the use of successfully canned goods is worldwide to-day. It is significant that Tycos Instruments are regarded as the standard of accuracy in big canneries everywhere.

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Tycos Office Thermometers
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FINANCE & INVESTMENT

APPLIED to corporations, the title "industrial" indicates a vast multitude. One is never at a loss when railroad investments are discussed, nor is there much question about the kinds of securities classed as public utilities. But an industrial bond or stock may represent manufacturing, steamship, mining (including oil recovery), farming, lumbering and fishing companies, together with many others which produce goods for sale or perform special services.

Since there are all sorts of conditions of industrials, the investor should always be specific when seeking recommendations from an investment house or brokerage firm. "A good industrial" has become an almost stereotyped phrase in some security selling circles during recent years, referring vaguely to a broad field of issues which at the time are displaying satisfactory earning power. Usually, a bond or stock so described possesses merit. Its interest or dividend seems to be secure on the basis of current and past performances. Available statistics of assets, depreciation, up-keep, etc., are encouraging. Yet it may be in the category of securities which should not be acquired by certain investors for reasons which will be set forth as this article proceeds.

An effort to discuss industrial securities effectively in brief space would be fruitless. So the funded obligations and shares of manufacturing companies shall be the subject in hand. Before particularizing, however, let us examine the importance of industrials from the economic point of view.

While railroads record the state of

business prosperity or depression, industrial companies really *make* good times or bad times. Railroads prosper only as producing concerns, as a whole, thrive. To a degree public utilities reflect in their earnings the conditions of industry. Active mills and factories cause stable sales of electric energy and substantial street railway receipts. Therefore as the two other great classes of corporate investment—railroad and public utility issues—depend largely upon the situation of industry, the securities of industrial concerns must be considered the cornerstone of the investment structure.

Now, this is fair enough for argument's sake, but amounts to sophistry if strictly applied. As industrial corporations jointly are the business foundation, and the history of business is one of almost periodic swings from prosperity to depression, the earnings of these companies must, perforce, experience important fluctuations. It is not necessarily true that a state of great activity in an industry will bring good earnings for all, or even for a majority of companies comprising that industry. In connection with this thought examine this situation, which is presented merely to emphasize preceding statements, not in the nature of a prophecy:

A prominent automobile maker recently estimated that there are now about 112 motor car companies in operation, of which 5 produced more than 83% of all the automobiles manufactured in 1923. These statistics mean that 107 companies are at present dividing less than 17% of the total volume of business. The motor car

(Continued on page 368)



Our Export Trade

EXPORTS from the United States during the past year were well maintained, despite the acute depression in some important foreign markets.

The value of products shipped from this country in 1923 was \$4,164,800,000, as compared with \$3,831,900,000 during 1922, and \$2,484,000,000 in 1913.

While Europe is not taking such large quantities of American exports as it did before the war, losses in trade there are being covered by increased purchases from Canada, Latin America and elsewhere.

The United States, in fact, continues to lead the world in the export of products. Our sales abroad are one-fifth of the world's total exports, and American goods are now well known in every foreign country.

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(Continued from page 366)

industry admittedly is preparing for a year of activity in 1924 which shall exceed the great production of 1923. It is conceivable that intense competition in sales will occur this year, and it would not be surprising if, under such circumstances, profits of numerous companies would be less than last year, even on a greater volume of business.

Manufacturing companies may be listed under two general heads: first, those producing standard articles of commerce and, second, others making specialties. Both from the business and investment points of view, a prominent place is occupied by the organizations which are self-integrated. By this term reference is made to such companies as the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and others which are equipped to follow all the processes through from the production of raw material to the completion of finished goods. They own their own ore bodies, or possess advantageous long-term contracts for delivery of ore; their own railroad and steamship lines, their coal supplies to a large extent, and finishing mills in a great variety.

A place in this group could also be assigned to such companies as the American Locomotive Company, Baldwin Locomotive Company, American Car & Foundry Company, Standard Oil Company of Indiana, American Can Company, American Tobacco Company, and many others which conduct the processes of manufacture after buying raw or partially worked-up material. It would be possible to rank the Anaconda Copper Mining Company with this class because of its ownership of the American Brass Company which converts copper from the earth into articles of trade. These are merely representative of concerns which, producing goods in constant demand, have been constructed so as to meet the requirements of old-established markets with the least waste motion possible and with the least possible expense.

Industrial companies equipped to supply essential products economically

are, of course, not exempt from the effects of broad economic changes. Their profits fluctuate, but the state of their activities may usually be followed closely through reports of earnings and orders, and pretty solid assets are found behind their mortgage bonds. The investor can usually determine the quality of such companies' credit by the names of investment firms which underwrite their securities, and by comparing the prices of their bonds with the quotations of other bonds in the market place.

The specialty company offers an entirely different problem to the buyer of securities. Probably, no one was more surprised with the enormous success of the Ford Motor Company than some of the friends who supplied Henry Ford with his initial capital. Now and then a corporation manufacturing a patented product flashes across the financial horizon in a blaze of light which creates much envy among people who might have bought some of the stock but did not do so.

But as a general rule the investor should act with great caution when securities are brought before him of a new company making a special product. This is particularly true of a company formed to exploit a patent or a newly devised process for making an article of possibly limited demand. It is true that occasionally a new organization of this kind creates fortunes quickly for its stockholders, but where there is one Eastman Kodak Company or Victor Talking Machine Company there are hundreds of specialty concerns which never "pan out."

The slogan "investigate before you invest" has no more pointed application than in regard to a new and untested proposition. The logical persons to supply capital and lend money to untried ventures are men of large means who can afford to take chances.

On the other hand, many sound companies exist of *proved* ability to make steady and substantial incomes from the manufacture of a single product. Frequently, it will be found that they have established themselves through effective national advertising, but the

(Continued on page 370)

The ebb and flow of business

If business did not fluctuate widely, it would be a simple matter to plan for next year. But business is always changing; prices rise and fall, markets expand and contract. It is necessary that you see clearly in advance the changes in the business cycle.

You should find it of great benefit to have at regular intervals a clear-cut digest of business conditions and a scientific forecast of the course of industry in the months to come. This information is available to you through the Harvard Economic Service, which numbers among its subscribers many of the nation's leading executives.

Write us and we shall be glad to send you, without charge or obligation, recent weekly bulletins and a descriptive booklet. You can then judge of the usefulness of this service in your particular case. The subscription price is \$100 a year.

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Name _____

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(Continued from preceding page)

backbone of their success is an article of general consumption or use. Every one who reads has known for many years of such corporations as the Royal Baking Powder Company, Gillette Safety Razor Company, Singer Manufacturing Company and others of similar rank.

With the foregoing descriptions and qualifications of industrial companies in mind, it is possible to draw some deductions from them of use to the investor. The writer is inclined to consider industrial securities as a sort of balance wheel for investment schedules. They can be selected so as to give reasonable assurance of safety and at the same time return income higher than the average yield of gilt-edge bonds. When included in investment holdings, even of small amounts, they are effective in raising the average income to a level that means more than a bare living wage for the capital invested.

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should study the opportunities offered in good preferred stocks. The best investment judgment usually nominates bonds as the pivot of any accumulation of securities, and the writer would never recommend any schedule which did not consist chiefly of diversified bonds. But there is, nevertheless, a place for well-selected stocks.

For the investor who has a limited amount of money to lay aside and desires as large an income as safety permits, a selection like this can be made at current prices:

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(Continued on following page)

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Through its Investment and Speculative Bulletin Service it gives the immediate practical and profitable application of these methods and principles.

It—advised complete liquidation of all stocks in March, 1923.

—advised re-accumulation of specific railroad and industrial securities in the Summer and Fall of 1923.

Present Stock Market Conditions Are Critical

Under such conditions our analysis of the existing situation, together with an outline of sound and profitable investment and speculative methods, should be of particular value to you. A few copies are available GRATIS.

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(Continued from preceding page)

The power and light issue would, preferably, be a first mortgage hydro-electric company's obligation. The stock would consist of 10 shares of a thoroughly seasoned company which had been paying preferred stock dividends of 7% annually for at least eight consecutive years and possessed a substantial earned surplus. In such a list the preferred stock might be considered as a sort of foil to the real estate mortgage issue, as the shares would be of a readily marketable issue while the real estate bond, possessing less marketability, would be held for the sake of its high income.

Critics might challenge this group on the ground that it lacked a bond selected primarily for security, i. e., a government or municipal issue. To meet comment of this sort, it should be said that the present series of articles in these columns is shaped to the end of suggesting ways to know and select securities which return a fair income together with essential safeguards.

The writer sees no reason, when so many good securities are obtainable, why investors should sacrifice income in order to acquire super-safety. This attitude is qualified, however, by the statement that buyers of income should always seek sound advice, or, if in position to do so, subject bonds and stocks to search analysis before putting money into them. For other investors, of course, the matter of income should be subordinated to the

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In choosing industrial shares to balance investment holdings, preferred stocks, as a rule, take precedence over common stocks. The reasons are obvious. The dividend of a preferred stock is fixed; the income it yields is determinable in advance. Preferred stocks are more desirable than the share issue of a company which has no preferred stock, because most preferred stocks are "cumulative." If through unusual stress a dividend of a cumulative stock is omitted, the company is bound to make it up later when business improves. The stock of a company which has only a single class of shares usually provides for participation in profits only as they are earned and distributed in dividends.

In the \$4,000 investment above, it will be noted that fairly broad diversification is obtained. In adding to the

1881	1892	1903	1914
1882	1893	1904	1915
1883	1894	1905	1916
1884	1895	1906	1917
1885	1896	1907	1918
1886	1897	1908	1919
1887	1898	1909	1920
1888	1899	1910	1921
1889	1900	1911	1922
1890	1901	1912	1923
1891	1902	1913	1924

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It explains how the record 43 years 100% safe was made possible. It contains the net experience gained by Cochran & McCluer Company in its long and active experience in the first mortgage investment field. This booklet also describes our organization, whose widely ranging activities bring it first-hand information in regard to all matters, a knowledge of which is essential in making completely safeguarded first mortgage securities.

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block by \$1,000 pieces, it might be well to take, next, a first mortgage industrial bond, yielding 6% or slightly less; then a first mortgage bond of an old-established gas or water works company, returning from 5½% to 6%; then a first mortgage or collateral trust bond of a telephone company, which could be obtained at a price to yield at least 5¼%.

The order of selection is merely suggested and is not arbitrary. The point is that in such a diversified group, comprising the investment of about \$7,000, industrial preferred shares and a first mortgage industrial bond could well find place and contribute to the satisfactory income of the block as a whole.

(END)

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(Continued from page 315)

"We are ready to hear your case, Advocate Dufayel," said the judge, "if you have one."

The court attendants sniggered.

"A little moment, monsieur the judge," said the lawyer. He turned to Papa Chibou. "Quick," he shot out, "tell me about the crime you are charged with. What did you steal?"

"Him," replied Papa Chibou, pointing.

"That dummy of Napoleon?"

Papa Chibou nodded.

"But why?"

Papa Chibou shrugged his shoulders.

"Monsieur could not understand."

"But you must tell me!" said the lawyer urgently. "I must make a plea for you. These savages will be severe enough, in any event; but I may be able to do something. Quick; why did you steal this Napoleon?"

"I was his friend," said Papa Chibou. "The museum failed. They were going to sell Napoleon for junk, Monsieur Dufayel. He was my friend. I could not desert him."

THE eyes of the young advocate had caught fire; they were lit with a flash. He brought his first down on the table.

"Enough!" he cried.

Then he rose in his place and addressed the court. His voice was low, vibrant and passionate; the judges, in spite of themselves, leaned forward to listen to him.

"May it please the honorable judges of this court of France," he began, "my client is guilty. Yes, I repeat in a voice of thunder, for all France to hear, for the enemies of France to hear, for the whole wide world to hear, he is guilty. He did steal this figure of Napoleon, the lawful property of another. I do not deny it. This old man, Jerome Chibou, is guilty, and I for one am proud of his guilt."

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Judge Bertouf grunted.

"If your client is guilty, Advocate Dufayel," he said, "that settles it. Despite your pride in his guilt, which is a peculiar notion, I confess, I am going to sentence him to—"

"But wait, your honor!" Dufayel's voice was compelling. "You must, you shall hear me! Before you pass sentence on this old man, let me ask you a question."

"Well?"

"Are you a Frenchman, Judge Bertouf?"

"But certainly."

"And you love France?"

"Monsieur has not the effrontery to suggest otherwise?"

"No. I was sure of it. That is why you will listen to me."

"I listen."

"I repeat then: Jerome Chibou is guilty. In the law's eyes he is a criminal. But in the eyes of France and those who love her his guilt is a glorious guilt; his guilt is more honorable than innocence itself."

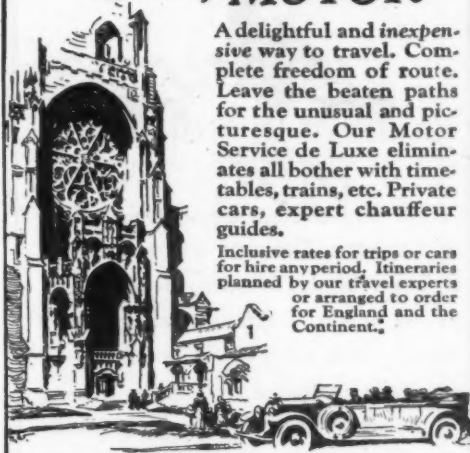
THE three judges looked at one another blankly; Papa Chibou regarded his lawyer with wide eyes; George Dufayel spoke on.

"These are times of turmoil and change in our country, messieurs the judges. Proud traditions which were once the birthright of every Frenchman have been allowed to decay. Enemies beset us within and without. Youth grows careless of that honor which is the soul of a nation. Youth forgets the priceless heritages of the ages, the great names that once brought glory to France in the past, when Frenchmen were Frenchmen. There are some in France who may have forgotten the respect due a nation's great"—here Advocate Dufayel looked very hard at the judges—"but there are a few patriots left who have not forgotten. And there sits one of them.

"This poor old man has deep within him a glowing devotion to France. You may say that he is a simple unlettered peasant. You may say that he is a thief. But I say, and true Frenchmen will say with me, that he is a patriot, messieurs the judges. He loves Napoleon. He loves him for what he did for France. He loves him because in Napoleon burned that spirit which has made France great. There was a time, messieurs the judges, when your fathers and mine dared share that love for a great leader. Need I remind you of the career of Napoleon? I know I need not. Need I tell you of his victories? I know I need not."

Nevertheless Advocate Dufayel did tell them of the career of Napoleon. With a

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wealth of detail and many gestures he traced the rise of Napoleon; he lingered over his battles, for an hour and ten minutes he spoke eloquently of Napoleon and his part in the history of France.

"You may have forgotten," he concluded, "and others may have forgotten, but this old man sitting here a prisoner—he did not forget. When mercenary scoundrels wanted to throw on the junk heap this effigy of one of France's greatest sons, who was it that saved him? Was it you, messieurs the judges? Was it me? Alas, no. It was a poor old man who loved Napoleon more than he loved himself. Consider, messieurs the judges; they were going to throw on the junk heap Napoleon—France's Napoleon—our Napoleon. Who would save him? Then up rose this man, this Jerome Chibou, whom you would brand as a thief, and he cried aloud for France and for the whole world to hear, 'Stop! Desecrators of Napoleon, stop! There still lives one Frenchman who loves the memories of his native land; there is still one patriot left. I, I, Jerome Chibou, will save Napoleon!' And he did save him, messieurs the judges."

ADVOCATE DUFAYEL mopped his brow, and leveling an accusing finger at The Terrible Trio he said, "You may send Jerome Chibou to jail. But when you do, remember this: You are sending to jail the spirit of France. You may find Jerome Chibou guilty. But when you do, remember this: You are condemning a man for love of country, for love of France. Wherever true hearts beat in French bosoms, messieurs the judges, there will the crime of Jerome Chibou be understood, and there will the name of Jerome Chibou be honored. Put him in prison, messieurs the judges. Load his poor feeble old body with chains. And a nation will tear down the prison walls, break his chains, and pay homage to the man who loved Napoleon and France so much that he was willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of patriotism."

Advocate Dufayel sat down; Papa Chibou raised his eyes to the judges' bench. Judge Perouse was ostentatiously blowing his beak of a nose. Judge Goblin, who wore a Sedan ribbon in his buttonhole, was sniffing into his inkwell. And Chief Judge Bertouf was openly blubbering.

"Jerome Chibou, stand up." It was Chief Judge Bertouf who spoke, and his voice was thick with emotion.

(Continued on page 380)

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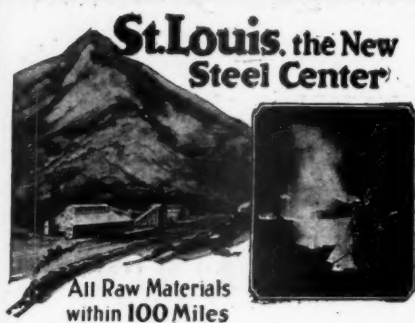
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(Continued from page 378)

Papa Chibou, quaking, stood up. A hand like a hand of pink bananas was thrust down at him.

"Jerome Chibou," said Chief Judge Bertouf, "I find you guilty. Your crime is patriotism in the first degree. I sentence you to freedom. Let me have the honor of shaking the hand of a true Frenchman."

"And I," said Judge Goblin, thrusting out a hand as dry as autumn leaves.

"And I also," said Judge Perouse, reaching out a hairy hand.

"And, furthermore," said Chief Judge Bertouf, "you shall continue to protect the Napoleon you saved. I subscribe a hundred francs to buy him for you."

"And I," said Judge Goblin.

"And I also," said Judge Perouse.

As they left the court room, Advocate Dufayel, Papa Chibou and Napoleon, Papa Chibou turned to his lawyer.

"I can never repay monsieur," he began.

"Nonsense!" said the lawyer.

"And would Monsieur Dufayel mind telling me again the last name of Napoleon?"

"Why, Bonaparte, of course. Surely you knew—"

"Alas, no, Monsieur Dufayel. I am a man the most ignorant. I did not know that my friend had done such great things."

"You didn't? Then what in the name of heaven did you think Napoleon was?"

"A sort of murderer," said Papa Chibou humbly.

BUT beyond the walls of Paris in a garden stands the villa of Georges Dufayel, who has become, everyone says, the most eloquent and successful young lawyer in the Paris courts. He lives there with his wife, who has bright dark eyes. To get to his house one must pass a tiny gatehouse, where lives a small old man with a prodigious walrus mustache. Visitors who peer into the gatehouse as they pass sometimes get a shock, for standing in one corner of its only room they see another small man, in uniform and a big hat. He never moves, but stands there by the window all day, one hand in the bosom of his coat, the other at his side, while his eyes look out over the garden. He is waiting for Papa Chibou to come home after his work among the asparagus beds to tell him the jokes and the news of the day.



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¶ Turn to announcement on page VI.



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OIL AND DIRTY WATER

By DR. FRANK CRANE

THE oil scandals aired in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States have startled the country.

One lesson we can learn from it all is the way that partisan politics messes up justice.

If there was any crookedness in the dealing of Government in its oil land it should have been quickly, thoroughly and efficiently investigated. The guilty should have been punished, the fraudulent contracts, if any, should have been rescinded and the whole matter attended to in a manner consistent with our national honesty, dignity and self-respect.

Instead of that the issue was made the occasion for political partisans to mount their protected soap boxes in the National Legislature and scream their suspicions, rumors and slanders to the four winds, without waiting for the orderly process of justice to determine the truth.

"No real American," says Richard Spillane, "wants any one guilty of wrong-doing, in connection with the oil scandal or the Veterans scandal or any other crime against the Nation, to escape, but it would be little short of a crime against all the people to permit political jugglers to exploit these affairs for their own selfish purposes without regard to the punishment of the offenders or the cost to the country through delay."

But the trouble is that two great political conventions are approaching. The members of the Senate and of the House are not only lawmakers for the Nation, they are candidates for reelection and they are leaders and henchmen of two rival organizations struggling for advantage in the coming electoral conflict.

What impresses the impartial observer is not so much the desire of these men to establish the truth as their anxiety to find occasion to besmirch their political opponents and their utter recklessness in making statements and rushing to decisions without first making sure if they are facts.

The Woman's Sewing Circle at Gophers Prairie or the meeting of servants on the backstairs is mild and temperate compared with the National legislative body.

The general impression that has been given out is entirely erroneous. It is that almost every man in high office in the United States is more or less a crook. As a matter of fact the average Government official is honest and fair. Even Congressmen and Senators are loyal, are men of probity and devoted to the welfare of their country, in any other field than of partisan politics.

If they could forget that they are members of the Democratic or Republican party and look upon themselves for a while as men who have the honor and welfare of the whole Nation in their hands, if they could carry on their deliberations with that kind of courage which seeks only to establish the truth and not the sort of courage that seeks only to rush into the limelight, the ends of justice would be better attained.

The effect of these scandals upon the welfare of the country is considerable. And this is not the effect of the proven facts. It is the effect of the long delay and the reckless rumors involved in the method of getting at those facts.